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THE FALLEN KING.

THE ablest temporal prince in Europe has fallen, and no man has wept his fall. He to whose energies and skill the world owes many years of peace, has been stricken from his throne, unlamented, unhonoured, and undefended. Louis Philippe but yesterday was King of the French; to-day he adds one to the list of monarchs who have been swept away before the tide of modern politics. But none mourn for him, save the few Frenchmen who sympathised with his state-craft, or were benefited by the corruptions of his system. The old sovereigns, who viewed with jealous eye the intrusion of the house of Orleans into their royal ranks, behold his ignominious dismissal with a smile, and call it retribution. The constitutional sovereign of Great Britain, whose regard his intrigues have alienated, gives him that which honour demands, but has little love to bestow upon the discomfited plotter. The people, throughout the world, hail his misfortunes with joy,—a warning to every man who would practise despotism under the sacred name of liberty. Louis Philippe has lived too long for honour, too long for regard, too long even for decent respect.

The fall of the ex-monarch is a lesson to men in power throughout the world, and whatever be their office and title. It tells us, in accents which none may dare to slight, that the day for the success of deceit and treachery in the government of Europe is fast drawing to its close. It paints in colours which none but a Metternich, a Bourbon, or an *Orleans* could overlook, the fearful error of those who would stem the tide of modern principles by meeting them as a foe, rather than by guiding them as a friend. Europe may be led on to quietness, peace, and obedience, but the hour is passed when she can be coerced. Kings may rule when they are respected and loved; but when a constitutional monarch would play the despot, from that moment his hours are numbered. Who would have dreamed that a second "three days" would have hurled the powerful monarch from his throne? Who that has watched the intricate web of intrigue, police, and bribery with which the Citizen-King had secured to himself a *party* throughout his kingdom, would have ventured to fancy that a shameful abdication would be wrung from his grey hairs? Is this all that has come of those giant fortifications, which were to have swept the streets of Paris with cannon-balls at a moment's notice? Is this the end of one who had a hundred thousand soldiers within call from his palace? Is this the destiny of the man who has married his family into half the royal families of Europe?

Thus will it ever be with those infatuated governments who would rule a nation by means of a *party*. To call Louis Philippe's adherents his *friends*, is an abuse of the hallowed name of friendship. To call them his servants, would be absurd. To call them his subjects, would be an insult to them as Frenchmen. They were his party, his clique, his purchased instruments, for controlling the rest of their nation, and on whom he thought he could rely, by making it their private interest to uphold the state of things of which his possession of the throne was the necessary condition. No king ever less deserved to be called the king of the people of his country. With the French nation Louis Philippe had no sympathies; or if he had them he never shewed them. He has won no man's heart. There is not a soul who owns to a loyal or chivalric devotion to the fallen prince. He reaps what he himself has sown. He has tried to *manage* the French people as a wild, headstrong, half-ignorant multitude; and when he counted them ready to submit to slavery without a murmur, they turned and shattered the fetters with which he would have bound them.

Louis Philippe, indeed, never strove to win the affections of any one section of the French nation. The exiled Duke of Bourdeaux has really had a greater hold upon the *hearts* of Frenchmen, than the powerful monarch who had possession of the Tuileries. For him, at least some few bosoms beat with devoted love; and for him some few swords would leap from their scabbards were there any hope of replacing him on the throne of his fathers. But his royal cousin has in turns affronted or offended almost every rank of men in the vast French nation. From the old aristocracy and the Catholic clergy, all through every grade of society, there is scarcely a man who has not felt the yoke of the *juste milieu* pressing painfully upon his neck, even while the master who laid it on him overwhelmed him with the blandest smiles and the most delicate of compliments. The history of the past reign is a collection of annals of a series of efforts to restrain the expression of feeling in France, rather than of measures to ameliorate the condition of the French people. It has been a game of tactics from beginning to end. How to prevent a revolution, has been the grand problem of the Orleans dynasty. The notion that he reigned for the benefit of his people seems never to have crossed the brain of the

* See page 194.

wary monarch. He has been like a heartless father, who suffers his wayward children to plunge, untaught and unenlightened, into every vice and folly, if only he can guarantee the permanence of his own parental station in the household.

Strange, indeed, has been the contrast between the course of events in France and in Great Britain. To compare his reign of state prosecutions and military preparations with the dominion of Victoria in England, would be simply absurd. As the mathematicians say, they are incommensurable. But make the comparison with suffering, agitated, and violent Ireland. What an amazing contrast is there between the movements both of government and of people in Ireland and France! Take Ireland at her worst: give to the ungovernable demagogues of the confederation the privilege to represent some certain portion of the nation; take the anti-Saxon indignation at the utmost at which it is estimated by friends and foes; grant all the iniquity which we are told is characteristic of the imperial parliament; and yet, what an immeasurable difference is there between the rule of Victoria in the green isle, and of Louis Philippe in "la belle France!" Who has supposed for a moment that the sway of the house of Hanover was shaken a hair's-breadth by state prosecutions, by repeal meetings, by confederation turbulence, by agrarian murders, by controversial fierceness, by blood, famine, or pestilence? Deep, mournful, and perhaps incurable, as are our troubles, they are essentially different in their kind from the earthquakes which have made France quake to her very foundations.

And the reason, doubtless, lies in this: that while in France the great problem of the government has been how to *govern* the people, with us the legislature has devoted itself to the *improvement* of the people. Admitting all the follies, blunders, incapacities, and want of principle of our administrations and parliaments, it is impossible to look back on the history of England for the last twenty years without being struck with this wonderful contrast. With the exception of the Reform Bill, the Municipal Corporations Bills, one or two Coercion Bills, and a few others of this kind, there has been scarcely an important measure brought before Parliament which has been a purely *political* enactment. Our struggles, our doubts, our successes, our failures, have been *social* and *economical*. They have aimed, whether successfully or not, at the permanent and personal benefit of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen. The very thought of a contest between the rulers and the ruled has scarcely commanded public attention, in any such degree as to cause serious alarm in men's minds. And therefore it is that Louis Philippe is an ex-King, while the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland rests in peace, more firmly seated upon her throne than any English monarch for ages and ages past.

Yet is this blow that has smitten the aged King of France pregnant with awful warnings to England. The hour of political strife is not now upon us; but so surely as we are now a nation, is it rapidly hastening onwards. The *millions* of this mighty people have not yet appeared upon the scene; and woe be to us if we suffer them to meet us in the conflict, with a conviction burning in their breasts that hitherto we have sought, like the deluded French monarch, only how to *govern* them most peaceably. In Paris, a throng of the lowest of the low, fierce, savage, uncultivated, has been treading recklessly in royal palaces, entering into the homes of the greatest and proudest, and sweeping away a dynasty with a word. In London, the crowded myriads bow meekly down before the approach of a Queen; and even a long course of unpopular measures yet leaves her person and her family sacred in the eyes of all men. But beneath this calm and silent surface a frightful fire is smouldering. A deep-seated belief is gaining ground in the breasts of the men whose strength at present resides only in the sinewy arm and the unblenching courage—a belief that the better classes are banded together for the purpose of *governing*, and not of *comforting* the poor man in his miseries; and should that class ever come to know its own strength when united and organised—should they come forth, as they will, and claim their own share in the political powers of the kingdom, unrestrained by old habits, unmoved by any dread of revolutionary excesses, unimpressed with any feelings of love and honour for those who are above them,—where then will be the prosperity, the greatness, the very name of England?

There is but one means for averting this direful calamity. If we will not care for the poor man from love, we must do it from dread. If we will not attach him to us by more vigorous, enlightened, and self-sacrificing efforts to rescue him from that dark abyss of pauperism in which he is plunged,—if we will not recognise, in zealous truth, the principle that governments exist for the benefit of the people,—if we suffer Great Britain to continue another half-century uneducated, uncivilised, unchristianised, ill-fed, ill-clothed, *the slave of the demon of money-getting*,—the nation which glories in *Magna Charta*, whose liberties have been the envy of all Europe for generations, and which lately saved the world from the tyrannies of a Napoleon, will vacate her place in the scale of nations, and be as another Portugal or another Spain.

LORD EGLINTOUN'S AFFRONT TO THE POPE.

No man who respects Pius the Ninth can possibly give his sanction to the "Diplomatic Relations Bill," so far as it is clogged, either in the Lords or the Commons, with Lord Eglintoun's insult to the great Pontiff. Whether or no the Pope himself rejects the whole thing with indignation, it is plain that no man who has the smallest veneration for the sacred capacity of His Holiness could affix his name to a measure which limits his functions as a sovereign prince, with a cool impertinence such as would be ventured upon towards no other single monarch in Europe. As for the thing itself, it is contemptible and not worthy of indignation, except so far as it prevents the United Kingdom from wiping away its long-standing shame, and from throwing open the intercourse of our Ministry with the Vatican to the searching eyes of both Catholics and Protestants. We will not waste our words upon the utter pettiness and shallow effrontery—upon the ignorance of all principles of legislative courtesy—which dictated this singularly foolish amendment of the noble lord. At a time when democratic America is actually contemplating the employment of a Catholic Bishop as her ambassador to a foreign state, there is a mixture of the childish, the ignorant, and the ungentlemanly, in this affront to the most honoured Prince in Christendom, which makes one involuntarily believe, that while Lord Eglintoun has been mimicking the outward bravery of the tilts and tournaments of Old England, he has not spent an hour in the contemplation of that chivalric spirit which alone gave worth to the splendour and the courage of the days he pretends to admire.

As to any security for the safety of English Protestantism to be derived from the exclusion of Ecclesias-

tics from the office of Papal Ambassador, we hold it as visionary as any scheme for binding the British Government to respect the spiritual independence of the Catholic Church. Neither one nor the other would be of the slightest conceivable value when put into actual practice. If Protestantism is to fall, it *will* fall, whether the Pope's ambassador be a priest or a prince; and if *intrigue* be the dreaded monster, it would be more easily carried on under the rose by an irresponsible confessor to an ambassador, than by a responsible ecclesiastic who himself held the office of Legate. And so, too, we count all pledges that might be given by a Government to the effect that they would not strive to turn this proposed diplomatic intercourse to an unholy end, or seek to govern in that spiritual body in which, by the laws of God, they have no rightful voice. Such pledges are ropes of sand: they would not bind for an instant. Neither this present Government, nor any ministry that shall ever wield the reins of administration while England is a kingdom, would be restrained for a solitary moment from interfering, *when they could*, with the spiritual affairs of the Church Catholic. We do not hesitate to say that the secular power is the natural enemy of the Church of God. We do not mean that it ought to be such, or that in every individual case it is such. Nor do we mean that such enmity is to be attributed solely to a Protestant power; on the contrary, a Catholic Government is oftentimes a more deadly foe than a Protestant. But we assert, that so long as man is man,—so long as the passions of human nature rule in the breasts of kings and parliaments,—so long as the majority, or the influential parties, of the secular power are not personally devoted to the love of God, and to obedience to his institutions,—so long will the interests of the Church and of the State *clash;* and so long will the State strive, by fair means or by foul, to control the internal affairs of the Church, so as to make her spiritual interests subservient to its temporal well-being, or what men of the world count to be such. We might as well expect to see the unregenerate carnal passions of the human body render a delighted obedience to the dictates of religion, as to find a secular government which cares for men's earthly interests, truly and sincerely devoted to the spiritual prosperity of that supernatural society which is set up for the furtherance of man's well-being throughout eternity.

We do not, therefore, distrust the present ministry more than any past or coming government, simply for this reason, that we distrust them all alike, in every age and country. There is not a government on earth whom we would trust, if it became in the slightest degree its interest to injure the Church of God. And it is *because* we thus put no faith in any one of them, that we so anxiously desire to see the ridiculous prudery and trickery of past days swept ruthlessly away, and an open intercourse established between Rome and England. Thus only *can* we hope to be safe from the intrigues of politicians and diplomatists. Thus only can we defy the manœuvres of wily secretaries of state, and of those unprincipled ecclesiastics, who unhappily are never wanting when dirty work is to be done, and the rulers of the Church are to be cheated into the surrender of their own interests by the blandishments of the syrens of this world. When we can *compel* Lord Palmerston, or any other minister of the day, to expose to the eyes of the country every note and memorandum that has passed between Downing Street and the Vatican, we shall be far more safe from the wiles of the deceiver than we are now, when there are actually hundreds and hundreds of letters which have gone to and fro between English governments and Roman ministers, but which we can no more demand to see, than we can call for the production of the private correspondence of Lord Palmerston and his wife.

"*Put not your trust in princes,*" says the word of inspiration. Let us never forget that this warning includes the *pledges* of those who are the princes of the world. They may be honest men, and conscientious after their fashion; they may have no deliberate intentions of wronging us; they may even be entirely in the dark as to the precise nature of the benefit the State is to derive from the proposed measure. Nevertheless, we say, trust none of them. They are all *men*. Peel and Russell, Palmerston and Aberdeen, Gladstone and Grey,—their interests, real or imaginary, must one day clash more or less with the welfare of the Church; and we might as well expect to see the lion lie down with the lamb, as to behold the politician restrained by any vague promises or explanations from doing whatever should be right in his own eyes. As the wild beast is only content to rest by the side of its helpless prey when both are gorged and rendered listless with food; so it is only when the Church and the State are overloaded and *corrupted* with the riches and luxuries of earth, that they can either be, or seem to be, truly brethren and loving friends.

Biographical Sketches

OF THE OLD ENGLISH CHRONICLERS.

I.—POLYDORE VERGIL.

MANY of our readers will probably shrink at first sight from so unattractive a title. It will, perhaps, conjure up before their minds, but too appallingly, visions of unwieldy tomes of some 1500 pages; brown, shrivelled, and worm-eaten, and only held together by oaken boards and brazen clasps. Let them not, however, be alarmed; we do not intend to impress upon them the duty of studies so little popular. Our object is not the Chronicles, but the Chroniclers. Yet having spoken of the former, we will not despatch them too hastily: they will serve as an appropriate introduction to the latter.

We would, therefore, remind those readers who have a dread of gigantic folios, long since consigned to the moth and the worm, that, thanks to modern enterprise, the same old Chroniclers are now to be purchased in comfortable octavos, with type that would console old Dibdin himself, and paper not only without a shade of brown (if that be a recommendation), but of dazzling whiteness; and if all this is not enough, they may sometimes be purchased with graceful borders of fairy-like sprites playing at bo-peep among the blue-bells, to say nothing of antique and even illuminated illustrations of every description.

After all, however, whether the reader be inclined to take up the chronicle in its modern shape or not, he will not deny that substance of great value may lie concealed beneath a rough exterior. It is true that, in the last century, the intellect was hampered and worn down to a conventional standard of verbal elegance; but it is equally true that a reaction has now taken place, to such a degree indeed, that, unless our critics are on the alert, it will hurry us to the contrary extreme. If, then, we are just, we shall not test the value of the chronicles by the ideas of the last century, but by the more impartial standard of the present day. Men have recalled to mind that truth is, after all, the great requisite of history; and finding this requisite in the ancient chronicles, have learned to appreciate what they had too hastily condemned. Nor are the truths enshrined in such chronicles abstract or barren facts, suitable to none but psychologists and antiquarians; they are facts that come home to every man's practice, that closely regard the welfare of citizen and state. They deeply interest: they

"Tell
Of ancient deeds so long forgot;
Of feuds whose memory was not;
Of forests now laid waste and bare;
Of towers which harbour now the hare;
Of manners long since changed and gone;
Of chiefs who under their grey stone
So long had slept, that fickle fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled."

They instruct profoundly: they place us amongst the men of former times; and enable us, by the comparison of the past and present, to correct our prejudices, enlarge our views, and become familiar with the objects and growth of our national institutions. More than all, they give us the clue of the future. It has been wisely said by one of our most sagacious statesmen, that "the experience of the past is the only safe guide of the future." Surely such a guide was never more needed than at present, when all around tells of impending change; when Italy and France are trembling beneath the first shocks of revolution; when the young republics of the "Far-west" are struggling in mortal conflict; when our own vast possessions are uneasy, and Ireland still droops with pestilence and famine; when, around our own hearths, discussing the most momentous questions, a thousand voices, on the one side, announce a millennium of peace, and, forgetting the fatal dismantling of fleet and fortress in the days of Charles II., bid us once more disarm; and, on the other side, a thousand voices rise in indignant opposition, and warn us to look to our national defences, if we would not have another burning, not of Sheerness by the Dutch, but of London by the French; while the new parties of monopolists and anti-monopolists, and the supporters or denouncers of the various plans of education or sanitary reform, raise their trumpet-notes amidst the din; and, scarcely heeded in the background, stand in dense array, the resolute uncompromising Chartists, "biding their time."

Such are the more prominent of the alarming indications of the age. Yet, how are these indications to be interpreted? Heedless of indications, and scoffing at the prudence that reasons before it acts, are we to rush blindly into the future? Are national interests to be abandoned to the mercy of circumstances? or still worse, are national interests to be dabbled with, as chemical mixtures are dabbled with by ignorant practitioners, to their own imminent peril, and to the peril of all around them? In plain terms, are we, are our lives and fortunes, to be subjected to the daring experiments of the rash, the thoughtless, the visionary, and the evil-disposed? or, in the regulation of political matters, are we to found our conclusions and practical operations upon that which in reasoning, in science, and ordinary life, is acknowledged to be the only sound basis—established facts? There surely can be no alternative: "the experience of the past is the only safe guide of the future."

The knowledge of the past is, therefore, indispensable. Nor will it answer if it be scanty: despite of Macaulay's speech at Edinburgh, there is a great truth (sometimes, indeed, too widely applied) in the well-known words of Pope. Though in some departments of learning a little knowledge is far better than none; and though wherever there is genuine humility a little knowledge is perhaps never dangerous; yet, taking our proud and stubborn nature as it really is, and not as it ought to be, it must be confessed that, in too many cases,

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;"

and, above all, in those departments of knowledge on which depend the interests and, still more, the very existence both of individuals and of entire nations. Now these interests, this existence, are the questions now at issue; questions as yet involved in the obscurity of the future; and, until that future becomes present, only to be answered, as we have seen, by a reference to the past. The past, therefore, must be known; and this knowledge must be ample and accurate. It will not suffice if it be learned from the distorted views of men who prefer theory to the sterling value of undisguised truth. Hence the value of the chronicles; that those who can may drink at the fountain-head, though that fountain-head be on the wild moor; and those who cannot, may receive these waters at first hand from those that can; may at least have the power of referring, may have some trustworthy assurance that what they have is neither coloured nor tainted, but pure and genuine as when it gushed from its source.

It may, then, be confidently asserted, that the value of the chronicles is beyond all price. If so, the writers of the chronicles deserve our gratitude, and ought never to be forgotten. Who is ignorant of Smollett, and Hume, and Robertson? Yet, if Smollett, and Hume, and Robertson had never written, no vital portion of our history would have been lost. How few, on the other hand, are acquainted with such men as Venerable Bede, William of Malmesbury, or William of Newburgh! Yet, had these men never written, the loss would have been irremediable; we should have received but broken fragments, instead of a distinct and almost perfect image of the past.

Believing, then, that the lives of such men ought to be jealously treasured in the memory of every Englishman, we propose to sketch out, as far as existing materials will allow, the lives and writings of some of the most remarkable of our Chroniclers. The series will be closed with a comparison of their respective merits, and with some account of the rise and progress of a spirit of critical examination. We have selected as the subject of our first essay, one who was almost the last of the chroniclers in point of time. This we have done because, being by birth a foreigner, he may be considered, in some respects, an exception to his class. The rest will be introduced in chronological order.

The personal biography of Polydore Vergil may be despatched in a few words. Though by birth an Italian, he was naturalised in England, and spent nearly fifty years in his adopted country. Before the close of the fifteenth century, he had acquired no ordinary fame as a learned author, had formed an intimate acquaintance with Erasmus, and had enjoyed the patronage of Alexander VI. About A.D. 1501, he arrived in England as sub-collector of the Peter-pence. He was well received at the court of Henry VII., and, having found sincere and powerful friends, was easily induced to make England his home. In 1503, he was presented to a rectory in Lincolnshire; and four years later, became Archdeacon of Wells. His rectory was afterwards exchanged for a prebendary in St. Paul's. He remained in England during the whole of the reign of Henry VIII.; and in 1551 withdrew, in extreme old age, to his native city of Urbino. He died soon after the accession of Mary.

At the time of Polydore's arrival in England, Henry VII. had just terminated the long civil war of the Red and White Roses. He had destroyed the usurper, Richard III., at the battle of Bosworth; had slain the Earl of Lincoln, Richard's heir-apparent, at the battle of Stoke-upon-Trent; had captured, and afterwards put to death, the pretended Richard IV., well known through all Europe as the "White Rose;" and had not shrunk from imbruing his hands in the blood of the young Warwick, the cousin of his own queen.

Civil war had thus been quenched; rivals had perished; and the throne of the Tudors was firmly established. Some years elapsed, and still the unusual tranquillity was undisturbed. Henry began to think it time to record the past. Portions of the late contest, it is true, had already been written: Whethamstede the abbot of St. Alban's, and William a monk of Worcester, and Warkworth the master of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, had traced, though not so amply as could be wished, the events that preceded the death of Henry VI., and a monk of Croyland had thrown much light upon the subsequent period: still, however, a full recital, from the beginning to the final cessation of the war, had not yet been attempted. To supply the deficiency, the king had recourse to Polydore Vergil. The latter accordingly wrote his History of England. We confine our present notice to those portions of the work which may be considered as more or less contemporary, the period of the civil wars, and the first years of the Tudor dynasty.

Henry's selection of a foreigner may at first appear singular, yet it seems to have been judicious. Of all the men of mature age, there were few who had not

been partisans of one of the rival houses. A foreigner could have no such prejudice, unless it arose from a desire to please his patrons. Now those patrons were partly Lancastrians, partly Yorkists: the influence of one class would be counteracted by that of the other. The king himself represented the house of Lancaster; but his crown had been given him by a combination of both parties. His queen was the heiress of the house of York. His children united in their own persons the claims of the two families. What, then, could he fear from an impartial statement? If he could have had no such fear, we may conclude that his patronage was never exerted to warp the views of his chosen historian. It was, therefore, easy for Polydore to abide by his own judgment. The character which he has traced of the two opponents, Henry VI. and Edward IV., will shew that if, as some suppose, he leaned to the Lancastrians, he was not blind to the good qualities of their opponents. The following extract is taken from a translation of the middle of the sixteenth century, published by the Camden Society. We have modernised the spelling.

"King Henry was a man of mild and plain-dealing disposition, who preferred peace before wars, quietness before troubles, honesty before utility, and leisure before business; and to be short, there was not in this world a more pure, more honest, and more holy creature. There was in him honest shamefastness, modesty, innocency, and perfect patience, taking all human chances, miseries, and all afflictions of this life in so good part, as though he had justly, by some his offence, deserved the same. He ruled his own affections, that he might more easily rule his own subjects; he gaped not after riches, nor thirsted for honour or worldly estimation, but was careful only for his soul's health." (p. 70.)

Edward IV. was "of passing valour and ability, was much desired of the Londoners, in favour with the common people, in the mouth and speech of every man; of highest and lowest he had the goodwills. He was, for his liberality, clemency, integrity, and fortitude, praised generally of all men above the skies, wherefore there was concourse to him of all ages and degrees of men, with wonderful affection." (p. 110.) "King Edward was very tall of personage, exceeding the stature of almost all others, of comely visage, pleasant look, broad-breasted, the residue even to his feet proportionally correspondent, of sharp wit, high courage, of passing retentive memory touching those things which he had once conceived, diligent in doing his affairs, ready in perils, earnest and horrible to the enemy, given to bodily lust. . . . A little before the end of his life he began to slide by little and little into avarice." (p. 172.)

If, however, it be granted that Polydore is generally impartial, it may still be objected that, not having been in England during the struggle, he can hardly be deemed a competent witness. If, on the other hand, he had been in England, how few of the events would he have actually witnessed! It is enough for the credibility of any history that its facts are so recent, that eye-witnesses are still living to substantiate or refute them. Alison's History of the late war was first published nearly thirty years after the battle of Waterloo, and half a century after the death of Louis XIV.; and few indeed are the events which the author could have witnessed; yet who will venture to question its authority, or who thinks it necessary (except perhaps for minute details) to refer to its quoted vouchers? Enough that it clashes not with what was already known, enough that eye-witnesses of what it describes are still among the living. The very controversy excited by the writer's strictures upon Wellington's generalship shews at once how men are on the watch, and how significant a mark of approbation is the very silence of the public. Precisely of this character is the authority of Polydore Vergil's History. He compiled from documents recently published, the libraries and archives being all at his command. Nor can there be any doubt that he derived much information both from those noblemen who had been engaged in the transactions of the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III., "whereof," as he himself writes, "some yet live;" as well as from his personal friends, of whom one at least, Richard Fox, the Bishop of Winchester, had enjoyed the confidence of Henry VII. before his accession to the English throne. Seven and twenty years elapsed before Polydore had completed his task. As Henry VII. had long been dead, the work was dedicated to Henry VIII. It passed through six editions during the next forty years: an undeniable proof of the approbation of his contemporaries.

While its leading facts may thus be depended upon, the interest of the story itself is unusually great. It opens with a distant retrospect of the chivalrous deeds of the Maid of Orleans; the exploits and final expulsion of the English from France; the growth of discontent; the murder of Suffolk; the entrance of Jack Cade into London; and the daring movements of the Duke of York. Then the struggle becomes more close and unremitting; the country is filled with tumult, and rings with the clash of arms. Henry, a captive in his own metropolis, acknowledges the claim of the Duke of York. The latter hastens exulting to the north, to scatter a handful of contumacious nobles, but returns no more: his army sleeps beneath the hills of Wakefield, his own head is blackening on the walls of York. His son, Edward IV., the victor of Mortimer's Cross and Towton field, avenges his fall. Then scenes of battle, and terror, and flight, and exile, and destitution; and once more there is peace, an uneasy peace, precursive of another war. In this interval of quiet, we may see more distinctly than before the most striking characters of the tale: the bold and handsome, but cruel and selfish Edward IV., already sinking under that intemperance of which he was soon to be the victim; the sagacious statesman and tried warrior, Richard Nevile, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury; the intrepid, unyielding Margaret; the "false, perjured" Clarence; the crafty Gloucester, the blood-stained hunchback, if tradition has spoken the truth; and Edward, Prince of Wales, the hope of the Lancastrian cause, soon to be cut off in his second battle, and in earliest youth. Short time, however, for the reflections of peace: the beacons are lighted upon the heights, and all England is astir. Henry VI. is free once more; but brief is his second reign; the death-cry of Warwick, the king-maker, is heard in the woods of Barnet; the blood of Edward of Wales reeks upon the sword of Gloucester; and Henry himself—the meek, forgiving Henry—dies in the Tower, on the night of his rival's triumph. A few years of despotic peace, and Clarence has been doomed by his own brother; and that brother himself sinks into an early grave. Then follow the closing acts of the civil war: Richard's brief usurpation and death; the accession of Henry VII., the first of the Tudors; the mysterious revolts of the two pretended kings, Edward VI. and Richard IV.; and finally, the accession of Henry VIII., who united in his own person the claims of both the houses of York and Lancaster.

Since Polydore has thus fully narrated the whole of the Wars of the Roses, the lover of history may turn with some eagerness to the stirring scenes of the latter years of Henry VIII. for an equally full detail. Here, however, he will be disappointed. The stream of narration diminishes at the close of Wolsey's career; then dwindles to a scanty thread, and ceases altogether with the dissolution of the monasteries and the death of Catherine of Arragon. The reason of this is not very clear. Polydore was, perhaps, disheartened. His early patrons had passed away; and, if we may judge from a comparison of the historian's account with the correspondence of the king and his ministers, the secrets of the government were no longer open to his inspection, even when those secrets required no future concealment. Wolsey, in short, was not the historian's friend. As early as A.D. 1515, the latter, for some unknown reason, was confined in prison for several months. How he resented this treatment is but too evident, whenever he speaks of Wolsey's motives.

Having thus stated what is known of Polydore's History, and having furnished some idea of its contents and general value, we may add that, with regard to style and general execution, the reader can scarcely fail to be gratified. We conclude by a quotation from the learned Sir Henry Ellis:

"Few writers of the English story have met with such harsh treatment as Polydore Vergil. . . . The truth is, that Polydore Vergil's attainments went far beyond he common learning of his age. The earlier part of his history interfered with the prejudices of the English. He discarded Brute as an unreal personage; and considered Geoffrey of Monmouth's History an heterogeneous mixture of fact and fable. . . . Polydore Vergil's was the first of our histories in which the writer ventured to compare the facts and weigh the statements of his predecessors; and it was the first in which summaries of personal character are introduced in the terse and energetic form adopted in the Roman classics."* F.

Journal of the Week.

Feb. 25.

The great topic of interest, when people can turn their eyes from Paris to their own affairs, is still the iniquities of the income-tax. No ministry ever committed a greater blunder than has Lord John Russell's government, in this reimposition and increase of the impost in its most offensive forms. From one end of the kingdom to the other, men of every class, except the highest and the lowest, are almost burning with indignation. Nobody now talks about Whiggism and Toryism, or conceives himself bound to oppose or support the ministry on certain general political principles. It is simply a question between Russell and Peel, which will work the ship with the readiest practical skill. We suspect there is hardly one man in a hundred, of the professional, commercial, trading, manufacturing, and respectable classes, who has not denounced the folly of the government during the last ten days or fortnight.

Meetings of course have been going on all through the country, and many people think the government will never carry the tax, while others fancy also that they must go out of office if beaten. The first alternative we suspect depends a good deal on the move Sir Robert may take. If he sticks to his own scheme, even now that Lord John has adopted it, there may be a hard struggle. But we doubt whether the Whigs will go out, or whether they ought to go out, even if beaten by a large majority. It is their duty to stay in office, till, at any rate, *some* party can do better than they. Meanwhile, local orators have been favouring the land with "facts and fancies" on the subject in abundance. In St. Bride's, St. Dunstan's, and other London parishes, resolutions in condemnation have been unanimously carried. In the country, Liverpool, Reading, and other less important places, have joined in the cry. Against a *property*-tax there seems no great objection expressed; on the contrary, the preference of direct taxation is every where becoming more and more determined.

Meetings of other kinds have also been held in London and the provinces. Yesterday an evangelical assembly at Willis's Rooms denounced the Pope, eulogised the new Archbishop of Canterbury, and said that Lord Lansdowne was a chicken in the hands of the Jesuits. Mr. Stowell and Mr. M'Ghee were the chief orators: of course almost all the listeners were women. The same day witnessed an Anti-Jew meeting at Colchester. The Jews, however, fared better than the Pope and Lord Minto, and an amendment in favour of their emancipation was carried by a large majority.

The City people have been trying hard to keep their sewers in their own hands, but in vain. A deputation from the corporation has waited on Lord Morpeth to pray the government not to oppose the second reading of the Corporation Bill. His lordship told them this could not be, for that without comprehending the soil on which "the City" stands, the general metropolitan purification could never be satisfactorily effected.

In the House of Lords last night Lord Stanley called the attention of Government to the new seditious Dublin paper, "The United Irishman," as outrageous and open a declaration of *war* against the Queen as could well be conceived. Very wisely, the government have determined to leave the affair in Lord Clarendon's hands.

* Preface to Three Books of Polydore Vergil's History. Camden Society, edited by Sir H. Ellis.

In the Commons, Lord Duncan moved the repeal of the window-tax, and gave a clever sketch of the rise and progress of this most anti-sanitary of all impositions. The Chancellor of the Exchequer unwillingly opposed the motion, with many apologies, and in the end the proposition was negatived by 160 to 63. Then followed a discussion on the game-laws.

All home news, however, is insignificant in comparison with the excitement and sweeping changes in Paris, already becoming a revolution. The National and the Municipal Guards (the latter the military police of Paris) are rapidly fraternising with the populace; Guizot has succumbed before the popular fury; blood has been shed in many places, and thirty or forty lives are already lost. The King is endeavouring to stay the tumult by a change of Ministry; Guizot is no more in power; and Count Molé has been called to be Prime Minister. Who that knows Paris and the Parisians can believe that all will end thus?

Feb. 26.

This day has brought the news that every one expected or feared. Louis Philippe is no more King of France. Count Molé could do nothing in forming a government; and the King sent for Thiers. This, of course, has not satisfied the people; they have attacked and plundered the Palais Royal and the Tuileries; the King has abdicated, and sent the Duchess of Orleans, with her child, the Count of Paris, to the Chamber of Deputies, in hope to secure the succession to the young Prince; but all to no purpose. The streets have been barricaded; and enough fighting has followed to spill torrents of blood, but the populace are rapidly winning their own way. The red flag is hoisted everywhere in place of the tri-color; and to crown all, a provisional government, composed of genuine republicans, has been called to, or has seized, the powers of office. They consist of Garnier Pagès, Arago (the man of science), Marie, Ledru Rollin, Lamartine (the poet and historian), and Crémieux. All ask, where will the ex-monarch fly to? Those who hope the best expect him in London in a day or two. Guizot is nowhere heard of.

In the English Parliament of yesterday, nothing very important occurred. Lord Hardwick moved for a Committee on the working of the Navigation Laws. His professed object is to secure the existence of a large body of sound seamen in the mercantile navy, that the military navy may have men to fall back upon in time of need. Lord Grey said the government would not oppose the committee; but declared its result would be to shew, that the present Navigation Laws *must* be altered.

In the Commons, Mr. Hume made one of his old-fashioned motions about retrenchment. He says that the nation ought to do what every private individual would do in pecuniary difficulties, and cut down its expenses to its receipts. He forgets that the national income *can* be increased, while the private fortune is immovable. Of course, his scheme was rejected by a large majority.

In Ireland the assizes have been going on; in some places, the lists presenting quite as awful a catalogue of crimes against the person as was expected. In Roscommon there were sixty-six cases of murder and conspiracy to murder. In Clare, the presiding judge, Mr. Justice Ball, said that the calendar was without parallel for extent and enormity of crimes.

Feb. 28.

In France, the revolutionary drama is playing out with frightful rapidity. The Duke of Nemours, and the Duke and Duchess Auguste of Saxe Cobourg (the latter a daughter of Louis Philippe) are already in London; they reached the house of the French embassy, Manchester House, last night at seven o'clock, knowing nothing of the rest of the royal family. In Paris, a republican ministry is formally installed under the presidentship of Dupont de l'Eure, one of the few surviving men of the first of the *three* French revolutions. Proclamation after proclamation has been issued, dissolving the Chamber of Peers, and forbidding its members to meet; and the new administration has taken upon itself all the functions of a government, publishing their ordinances officially in the *Moniteur*, the recognised govern-

ment organ. They have offered to clothe and arm all citizens who will enlist in the National Guard, and to give them thirty sous a day; they have decreed the formation of twenty-four battalions of movable National Guards to march to the frontier, already contemplating war with Austria, the annexation of Belgium, and the extension of the boundaries of France to the Rhine. Throughout the kingdom all appears tolerably tranquil, the local governments falling in with the Parisian movement with perfect readiness.

English news is comparatively uninteresting; the agitation against the income-tax spreads everywhere, and for once all the world is unanimous. The Queen has taken Balmoral castle, in the Highlands, on a lease from Lord Aberdeen, as a shooting place for Prince Albert, and a summer retreat for herself.

Feb. 29.

Still no tidings of the ex-king of the French. It is said that he may be actually at sea, unable to cross from the tempestuous weather; and it seems, that were it not for the forethought of his wife, he would have fled from Paris unprovided with money for the journey. As it is, it is rumoured that he can call but a few francs his own. The newly made government is energetically at work, and displays not only great vigour, but undoubted skill and prudence in preventing the incursion of a frightful anarchy. On the 25th, Lamartine made some half-dozen orations to the sovereign people, to calm and guide them; happily, with success. Proclamation has followed proclamation, commercial confidence is rapidly rising again, and we may *hope* that the horrors of a revolution will not shew themselves in all their accustomed blackness. The Archbishop of Paris has ordered masses to be said for the dead, and a collection to be made for the families of the killed and wounded. The *Démocratie Pacifique* gives the following exemplification of the *popular* religion:

"On taking the Tuileries the people found a magnificent image of Christ, in sculpture. The people stopped and saluted it. 'My friends,' cried a pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique, 'this is the Master of us all!' The people took the Christ, and bore it solemnly to the church of St. Roch. 'Citizens, off with your hats. Salute Christ!' said the people; and every body inclined in a religious sentiment. Noble people, who respect all that is sacred. Noble people, who bless the Being who proclaimed the law of universal fraternity!"

The news from Italy is not very definite. The Tuscan Constitution is said to be now published, after the model of those of Naples and Sardinia. It is also reported that the Pope is about to give a Constitution to his own dominions. In Naples and Sicily the ferment continues, but with no immediate result beyond what has already passed.

At home, two ministerial announcements have tended to tranquillise the public mind. The Government will not meddle with French affairs, but will let France choose its own government unmolested. All that England will do will be to continue, as of old, the asylum of the exile, of whatever rank or country. The new addition to the income-tax is also to be given up. The bill for diplomatic relations with Rome has passed the Lords, including Lord Eglintoun's obnoxious clause. A somewhat foolish discussion took place as to whether the Pontiff should be called "the Pope," or "the Sovereign of the Roman States." The agitation on the Stock Exchange has been intense; and yesterday evening, Consols were down to 80. The English are hurrying home from France in crowds, at least all those who can really get out of Paris.

Of Colonial Intelligence, the most welcome is the tidings from the Cape, of the termination of the war with the Caffres. Sir Harry Smith has held a conference with the Gaika chiefs, and all further hostilities are suspended. The scene of the "Inauguration of Peace," as the Parisians would call it, was highly curious, and characteristic of the peculiar nature of the intercourse between a civilised and a barbarous people.

March 1.

In the House of Lords last night, the New Zealand Bill was discussed by Lord Grey, Lord Stanley, and Lord St. Germains, and afterwards read a second time.

In the Commons, Lord Palmerston announced that a despatch from Lord Normanby had brought the declaration of the new French Government, to the effect that it earnestly desires to preserve the *statu quo* of the position of France in Europe. Col. Dunne then moved for a committee on the working of the Irish Poor Law; the Irish members who spoke, were unanimous in supporting the motion; the Government, however, refused it, and the proposition was negatived on a division.

The funds are again on the rise, Consols leaving off yesterday at 82¼, the improvement being confirmed by the tidings that Belgium hitherto remains tranquil. Arago, the new Director of the Post in France, has forwarded a despatch to the English Post-office, to say that the reported loss by fire of a portion of the Indian mail is untrue, and that the letters are on their way to India. This is just the kind of promptitude in business to please the English public.

On Tuesday a frightful boiler-explosion took place at Manchester, and killed four persons, seriously injuring a fifth.

In Dublin at the last Repeal-meeting the rent was 39*l.*

France still continues as calm as is possible under the tremendous change she has undergone; and there is every token that the new government will carry out their work well, with the exception of some alarming indications of a prevalent notion that they can *guarantee* a sufficiency of labour to all who are ready to work. The most consoling feature in the whole is the respect paid to religion. When the Minister of Foreign Affairs addressed a notification of the proclamation of the Republic to the representatives of Foreign Powers, the Pope's Nuncio immediately returned the following answer:

"Paris, Feb. 27.

"Monsieur le Ministre,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of the communication which you have just made to me, under date the 27th of February, and I will hasten to transmit it to our Most Holy Father Pope Pius IX. I cannot refrain from profiting by this opportunity of expressing the lively and profound satisfaction with which I am inspired by the respect which the people of Paris have shewn to religion in the midst of the great events which have just been accomplished. I am convinced that the paternal heart of Pius IX. will be profoundly touched by it, and that the common father of the faithful will call down in all his prayers the blessings of God on France."

All the churches were open yesterday in Paris, and masses were said for the dead. In the cathedral of Notre Dame the Abbé Lacordaire commenced his series of sermons, the first of which was long since fixed for that day. An immense crowd was present. The rev. gentleman first read the Archbishop's letter. On the demand of the government, the Archbishop gave orders to have the *Domine salvum fac* POPULUM henceforward sung in all churches. The Abbé, addressing the Archbishop, said: "Monseigneur, the country, by my voice, thanks you for the courageous and Catholic example which you have given; it thanks you for having known how to conciliate the immutability of the Church and the sanctity of oaths, with the changes which God effects in the world by the hands of men." The preacher, as if to give proofs of this immutability, wished to continue the development of the doctrine which he had set forth so eloquently for several years. He appeared to desire to entrench himself behind Divine tradition, and to preserve it from the invasion of history; but the fire burst out, and the Dominican of the people, arriving at the proof of the existence of God, cried out—"Prove to you God! Were I to attempt to do so, you would have a right to call me parricide and sacrilegious! If I dared to undertake to demonstrate to you God, the gates of this cathedral would open of themselves, and shew you this people, superb in its anger, carrying God to his altar, in the midst of respect and adoration!" The whole auditory were so much moved, that the sanctity of the place could not restrain their loud applause.

Of the fate of Louis Philippe and the rest of his family, nothing yet is known. The *Jersey Chronicle* of Monday morning announces that a cutter called the

Princess Alexandria had reached St. Helier's, having on board General Lefebre, and a person in the character of a servant, supposed to be M. Guizot.

The vessel brought also a lady, whom the Jersey paper confidently asserts to be no less a person than the Duchess d'Orleans, and two children.

March 2.

Mr. Anstey's monster motion has come to the untimely end which is the usual fate of all *monstra horrenda*. Lord Palmerston made a clever speech of five hours and a half last night, and concluded just upon six o'clock, when the *house*, not the *debate*, was adjourned. Thus dies the charge. Before Lord Palmerston began his speech, Mr. P. Scrope had repeated his charge against Mr. Walsh, a landlord of Ennis, for ejecting between 500 and 600 tenants from his property; and a short, sharp debate followed.

The stormy weather of the last few days has done considerable damage in the Irish Channel. Notwithstanding the gales, however, another portion of the ex-Royal Family of France have reached England. The Duchess of Nemours and her children, with the Duke of Montpensier, reached Southampton from Havre. Madame Guizot, the mother of the ex-minister, has also arrived in London. It is said that Claremont is being prepared for the reception of the fugitives. Of Louis Philippe and his Queen, nothing is known; rumour, therefore, supposes that they are quietly waiting an opportunity for embarking in safety.

In Paris all goes on peaceably, but vigorously. Lamartine is evidently, himself, a cordial advocate of peace; whether he and others can restrain the fire of France, when difficulties and distresses come, as come they must, none can tell. The provisional government have appointed a permanent commission to occupy themselves with the *labour* question; and here is likely to be the rock on which the new order of things may be shattered. The mad communist doctrines which have spread so far in France, may plunge the country into anarchy and bloodshed in a moment. The *ci-devant* Royal Colleges are to resume their former name of Lyceums. The College of Louis le Grand is in future to be called Lycée Descartes; the College of Henry IV., Lycée Corneille; The College of St. Louis, Lycée Monge; the College Bourbon, Lycée Bonaparte, its former name; and the College Charlemagne, Lycée Charlemagne.

In Belgium every thing is still tranquil. The government seem energetic, and, at the same time, zealous for further reforms, and no excesses have been committed.

The most alarming news is from the north of Italy. An extraordinary express has brought tidings to the effect that martial law was proclaimed at Milan on the 22d of February, and that the agitation was very great.

A letter from Marseilles of the 23d ult. states that the Pope had accorded a constitution to his people.

Poetry.

THE HOME OF POETRY.

Spirit of Poetry! where is thy home?
Dost thou rejoice in the wild ocean-foam,
When the storm has awakened the depths of the sea,
And the white-crested surges roll boundless and free?

Or lov'st thou to dwell in a lone forest-glade,
Where the red-deer are bounding in sunlight and shade,—
Where the bugle-note sounds through the green waving trees,
And wild woodland music is rife in the breeze?

Or the willow-fringed banks of a dark rapid river,
Where bright water-lilies like fairy barks quiver,—
Where the quick glancing wave by the wild swan is stirred,
And the cry of the heron and bittern is heard?

Or say, is thy shrine in a dim Gothic pile,
Where the gold sunlight streams over fretwork and aisle,—
Where the folds of the banners that droop over-head
Cast a rich purple shade on the graves of the dead?

Or where the glad echoes of young voices fall—
Where towers o'er its woodlands the proud English hall—
Where the shadows of oaks and of beech-trees are thrown
O'er the grey 'scutcheon'd gateway and oriels of stone?

Oh, tell me, bright spirit! where lov'st thou to rest,
In the green forest-glade, or the billow's dark breast,—
Where the wild northern arrows stream crimson and bright,
And the lone silver pleiads illumine the night?

Oh, no, not in these; thou art not of *our* sphere,
And thou hast not a home or a resting-place *here!*
Though, like the free sunlight, thou sheddest a glow
On the haunts and the hearths that we cling to below,
And a glory to each by thy bright ray is given,—
Thy *home* is the *heart*, and thy resting-place Heaven.

Z.

Reviews.

Reminiscences of Prince Talleyrand; with Extracts from his MSS., Speeches, and Political Writings. London, Colburn.

What book could have a more attractive title? The very name of the great diplomatist conjures up visions of the imagination which no other sound could summon into existence. He whose appellation is as suggestive of associations with the ruling powers of France for half a century, as it is of keen, caustic wit, and of all the mysteries of state-craft in its profoundest depths, is formed to be the hero of countless reminiscences, biographies, sketches, and memoirs. He who, when he took the oath to the French monarch just now hurled from his throne, observed that it was the fifteenth oath he had taken, and he hoped it would be the last; and who first uttered the saying that "language is given to man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts,"—would have played so curious a part in the drama now acting, had he still lived, even in old age, that we read the history of his intrigues with a singular interest and a wondering curiosity. He must be a dull writer indeed, who could make a dull book out of the reminiscences of Prince Talleyrand.

The volumes before us consist chiefly of a narration of certain anecdotes, and the like, related to the author by a friend, on the occasion of a visit to the Prince's château at Valençay; and partly of the writer's recollections of one or two conversations of the brilliant statesman, and of the scene in the hôtel in the Rue St. Florentin, where Talleyrand breathed his last. Such being their nature, it is obvious that their value would be materially increased were their author's name made public. A diplomatist by profession, and, as he himself tells us, successful in attaining both high rank and rich rewards in his vocation, in leaving the authorship of his book a secret he has thrown a cloud of uncertainty about the authenticity of some of the stories he details, which would be cleared away at once if we knew to whom we are indebted for the tale, or, at least, if we were aware of the name and character of the individual "C." on whose authority so material a portion of the Reminiscences depends. Here and there, too, the anecdotes approach so very near the marvellous, that we wish to be assured of the acuteness and character of our author, before we feel satisfied that he was not himself the victim of that love for *mystification* which he attributes to the object of his diplomatic idolatry.

Our author would also have done better had he been a little more of a proficient in the noble art of book-making, or rather of book-writing. Professing to detail actual conversations, he has contrived to give them as unconversational an air as could well be attained. He makes both "C." and Talleyrand positively *discourse;* they become actually long-winded, and almost professorial, in their lengthy disquisitions. Gossip is expanded into narrative, till what was doubtless substantially true, takes the form of a fictitious description. In the beginning of the second chapter, for instance, "C." is actually made to speechify for eleven continuous pages; the inverted commas making it seem that he actually uttered all this monologue uninterrupted. Either the appearance of conversation should have been given up, or the unfortunate talker should have been made to talk like ordinary mortals. Our author evidently has no recollection and no record of any thing like the very words of his friend; and he would have done better either to have thrown his tale into another form, and made it professedly a narrative,

or to have studied a little more dramatic propriety, and *cut it up* into something like dialogue.

Whoever he be, he is a thorough disciple of the Foreign Office and the Hôtel Talleyrand. He has no misgivings as to the morality of the craft, as practised by the veteran politician. He is utterly blind to the utterly godless character of the Prince, and seems to think his death the departure of a hero, apologising for his submitting to receive the last rites of the Church, on the ground that it was exceedingly wise and prudent in the dying man to omit nothing that might tend to secure the social and legal rights of his family when he should be no more. Such being the sentiments of the writer of the Reminiscences, he does well not to avow himself; though we suspect he would be troubled with no shame on this score.

With these drawbacks, this is unquestionably one of the most agreeable books of the season. We have no right to expect more from it than its title professes. It is no record of the whole life of Talleyrand, nor does it pretend to be such. What it tells, it tells pleasantly; and will wile away a few hours as rapidly as need be, and as instructively as is possible with mere anecdotical sketches. The volumes abound with extractable passages; but we must content ourselves with a few such, leaving the rest for the reader when he takes them up for perusal.

Three days have just sufficed to dethrone a monarch, the ablest who has for generations sat on the throne of France. Let us see how Talleyrand met the other "three glorious days."

"On the second day, the 28th, when the people were combating against the king's troops for the possession of the Hôtel de Ville, while the air was filled with the old and dreaded sounds, the cannon's roar, the tocsin's boom, his confidence in the success of the king's power of defence forsook him at once, and he then pronounced the memorable sentence which has since become familiar to the readers of French literature: 'The cannon which is fired against the people cannot but shake the sovereign's throne.' At the moment when the tocsin announced the triumph of the people at the Hôtel de Ville, he looked at the clock upon the mantelpiece. It was then just upon the stroke of five. 'A few minutes more,' exclaimed he, 'and Charles X. is no longer King of France.'

"One good instance of his presence of mind occurred at this very moment, for he turned to his valet-de-chambre, and made him immediately collect together the men-servants of the hôtel, and take down the words 'Hôtel Talleyrand,' which flaunted in large golden characters over the gateway, the feudal pride of other times.

"I still maintain the perfect conviction that, even up to the very hour of which I speak, he was undecided as to the course he would adopt; he was evidently waiting for the issue of the struggle. Public rumour has lent him a *bon mot*, which is certainly in his style, although I was with him the whole day, and did not hear him pronounce it.

"'Hark! the tocsin ceases—we triumph!'

"'*We!* who, mon prince?'

"'Chut, not a word! I will tell you that to-morrow.'"

While we are upon revolutions, let us see what was Talleyrand's account of the origin of National Guards. It follows just after the story of the death of Mirabeau, and of the future Prince's interview with him but a few hours before he died. In Talleyrand's arms, indeed, that fiery, fearful man expired; and the tale he tells of the last thoughts of the departing spirit is as dreadful to contemplate in its unvarnished simplicity, as in any of the high-wrought pictures with which the *picturesque* history-writing of the day has delighted to portray the last scene of the greatest secular orator of France. Not once did he swerve, said Talleyrand; neither did he throw back one single look of regret over the road which he had for so many years been travelling. On the contrary, he met the "grim enemy" with a courage and equanimity of temper, "the gift of a philosophy of the highest order." Much in the same way the writer of these Reminiscences describes the last hours of Talleyrand himself.

The Prince attributed the first thought of a National Guard—that striking feature in European "constitutional" States—to Sièyes. With Sièyes he was at one time on terms of considerable intimacy, though they never became really friends. There might have been jealousy between them; but certainly in all their intercourse they displayed the *esprit de critique*, which is the sure sign of rivalry, secret or avowed. On the respect due to Mirabeau they especially differed, Sièyes refusing to admit that he possessed the wonderful powers which Talleyrand attributed to him; and our author's great authority "C." was witness to long and severe discussions between the two on this topic alone. But we are wandering from the National Guard:

"The Prince was fond of telling a story *à propos* of Sièyes, illustrative of the theory of great results from little causes. He was one day walking with him through the Tuileries, when, just opposite to the gate in the Place de la Concorde, a little beggar girl, leading an old woman on crutches, came up to solicit alms. Sièyes gave her a sou, which, in her hurry to seize, she let fall, and the coin rolled under the hoofs of the charger mounted by the *garde du corps* on duty at the gate. The child pressed forward to pick it up, but each time that she stooped, almost at the risk of her life, the soldier, apparently glad to divert the *ennui* of sentry by an event of this kind, spurred the animal to one side, and the wretched little girl, to avoid being crushed to death, was compelled to withdraw, to renew her endeavours again as soon as the beast stood still, but each time with as little success as before. The whole scene—the terror of the child, the overboiling wrath of the old cripple, and the insolent and cruel mirth of the *garde du corps*—presented altogether a most exciting spectacle, and, combined with the angry passions of the crowd, who were not slow to take the part of the child, formed a picture not easily forgotten.

"Sièyes, finding that the people were growing angry, thought it best to put an end to the scene at once; so, giving the girl a double sou, he bade her begone, which injunction she immediately obeyed, and the crowd forthwith dispersed. But Sièyes remained thoughtful and pre-occupied during the whole evening; and, when he parted with his friend, he said, 'I have been thinking over the occurrence we witnessed together this morning. Something must be done for the people. *When they have an army of their own*, they will not run the risk of being insulted by hired mercenaries.'

"This was the very first idea which had ever entered human brain respecting the formation of a national guard. Once started, the idea found favour with all the disaffected. Sièyes himself planned and invented the *projet*, and, by dint of perseverance, got it accepted some long time afterwards. Little did the proud *Garde Nationale*, when they marched to the frontier—when they dictated laws to the country—when they barricaded Paris—dream that they owed their existence and creation to a halfpenny which a starving beggar wench found it hard to pick out of the gutter!"

Every one has heard of the peculiar quiet brilliancy of Talleyrand's conversation. Though he failed to become a great orator, the calm, impassive spirit of the man refusing to break forth in that fiery energy which alone could win applause in a French debate, yet his private flow was inexhaustible. Few of his contemporaries have equalled him; perhaps none have surpassed him. Yet, as a letter-writer, he was the most laborious of composers. He would literally *compile* a *billet-doux!* So little is the outward form of a man's compositions to be taken as a certain index of the facility or toil with which they have come forth from his brain. Our author thus relates his friend's account of the cautious diplomatist's method of letter-writing:

"It will easily be believed that I did not lose sight of the promise which my friend had made with so much *bonhomie*, and the very first time I found myself alone with him, I did not forget to claim it. The opportunity occurred soon after the conversation I have just recorded. We were pacing together the long picture-gallery of the château; the rain was beating in torrents against the Gothic casements, and all hopes of going abroad had been abandoned. The prince had not left his chamber that morning He was busily engaged, and had announced his intention of remaining *invisible* until dinner. He was occupied '*à faire son Courrier*,' as he called it, upon which occasion I have known him sign and send off an entire bag full of letters, not one of which was despatched without having first been carefully perused and corrected by himself. The facility and precision with which he could always find the exact word which was needed, and which his secretaries would, perhaps, have been seeking for some time in vain, was matter of the greatest admiration to all who witnessed it; but he could neither write nor dictate with ease; the most trifling *petit billet*, which when completed appeared the very model of graceful *laiser-aller* and badinage, often gave him as much trouble to indite as one of his most complicated despatches.

"This, I think, may be attributable to the neglect of his early education. Subsequent study and careful reading may impart taste and erudition, but can rarely give facility. C. told

me that he has known the prince remain for more than a week upon the composition of a letter of condolence or congratulation, if it chanced to be addressed to a brother wit, or one of whose criticism he might happen to stand in awe. In these cases, he would cause his secretary to write two or three letters, in different styles, upon the subject he had at heart, and would then compile from the number one in his own writing, with his own piquant additions and improvements, which was soon bandied from hand to hand, and quoted in every *salon* as a *chef-d'œuvre* of wit and epigram. Those who were in the secret would smile at the unbounded praise bestowed by the journals upon the composition of his despatches (some of which are really masterpieces), and the wording of his protocols; for they well knew that they would scarcely have attracted a single moment's notice had the truth been known."

We have said there are a few somewhat marvellous anecdotes and tales in these volumes. The scenes, however, in which their hero was engaged were such as to supply a thousand stories as surprising as any that ever proceeded from the imagination of a reasonable writer of romance. The first volume contains two or three such; another of the kind we shall give in a future RAMBLER, as we purpose returning to the *Reminiscences* for a few more pictures of the men and women who figured in the first two of the *three* French Revolutions. Meanwhile here is a wondrous tale of chivalric devotion, which recals the memory of a De Rancè, and the deeds of days now long gone by. It is somewhat of the longest, but would not bear curtailing. The author gives it as related to himself by Talleyrand in the "old Perrault-looking" drawing-room at Valençay.

"One of the most striking examples of the vanity of human wishes may be found in the history of Eugène de B——, who had been my fellow salver-bearer at the visit of the Bishop of Bordeaux to St. Sulpice. This was considered an office of honour, and bestowed upon the two best wranglers of the season. My companion was one of the handsomest young men I ever beheld; tall and dark, with all the fire of the south in his black eye and swarthy complexion, and the impress of high descent stamped upon his features. He was the natural son of a nobleman holding a high office about the court, and might hope through this channel to rise to the loftiest dignity and honour in the Church. It was not known who his mother was, but it was whispered amongst us that she must have been either Jewess or Bohemian—a belief to which his singular eye and chiselled features gave rise. He was of a proud, impassioned character, violent and indomitable; one with whom his teachers and those in authority were obliged to pause before they ventured to rush into open warfare. Neither penitence nor reprimand had ever been able to tame his violent, irascible nature, and, on more than one occasion, had it not been for the great honour which his learning and acquirements conferred on the establishment, he would have been expelled.

"His fiery soul revolted at the idea of entering the Church. I have seen him shudder with disgust as he donned the black serge dress which denoted his calling, and absolutely refuse to walk in his rank in the processions, which, at certain festivals, formed part of the ceremonies of the day. His dreams were all of a military life and military glory. He told me himself, that, proud as he was, he had *knelt* to his father to beg him to suffer him to embrace the profession of arms. He would have been a Knight of Malta—a volunteer—even a private soldier—anything, so long as he might be permitted to follow the bent of his inclination, and join the army; but his father had said coldly, that his interest in the army was all swallowed up by his other sons, and, besides, that he disapproved greatly of this clashing of interests between young men of the same name, who yet bore it under circumstances so different; that he would not countenance any change of profession; that he might rely on his protection so long as he continued obedient to his commands, and that a fortune, such as would satisfy his most ardent ambition, awaited him on the completion of his studies, if he would remain content in the calling which his relatives had chosen for him.

"From such reasoning there was no appeal, and poor Eugène remained at the *Séminaire*, cursing his fate, and nursing his bitterness against the existing order of things, which thus left him helpless and without defence, the slave of another's will, to follow the very calling he so much despised. You will readily believe that, with these sentiments, he was one of those who yielded the most readily to the influence of the new doctrines which the philosophers of that day had begun to preach with so much success. He had frequently been severely reprimanded, and sometimes even harshly punished for his undisguised approval of the new tenets; for among his class-fellows he sought not to conceal his sentiments, but proclaimed aloud his contempt of the aristocracy, his hatred of the oppressors of the people, his opinion that the king would one day be taken to task for his weak administration; and, above all, his tongue waged loudest war against the queen, poor Marie Antoinette, '*Autrichienne*,' *l'étrangère*, the 'cruel she-wolf,' the heartless dissipator of the *deniers du peuple*.

"He left the *Séminaire* with these feelings still existing; he was much younger than myself, and I lost sight of him for some time. I only heard accidentally that he had been appointed to serve one of the chapels of Notre Dame, merely while awaiting a vacancy to occur in some rich prebend or fat abbaye, to which his father might have credit to get him appointed. Meanwhile, the revolution broke out, and Eugène stood free to take the path from which he had been forcibly driven while dependent on his father's will. Of course, after what I knew of his character, it did not in the least surprise me to learn that he had thrown his frock *aux orties*, or that he had chosen to enter the army; but what really did surprise me to a great degree was the astounding information which was given me by his brother, the Marquis de B——, that he had attached himself to the broken remnants of the *gardes du corps*; that he had followed them most pertinaciously as a volunteer; that he had twice been severely wounded in defending the queen from the fury of the mob; and that he was the individual who had carried the dauphin, at the very risk and peril of his life, across the Allée des Feuillans on the day of the memorable attack!

"'And what became of him after this?' inquired I of his brother, already in my own mind anticipating the answer, for there were but few of those who had made themselves the least conspicuous in the like manner who escaped.

"'Why, he was of course arrested,' replied the marquis, 'and thrown into prison, but was discharged on suspicion of madness, although he was no more mad than I am. He remained in Paris without seeking concealment during the hottest period of the *terreur*, and by a most extraordinary chance, was suffered to go unharmed, doubtless protected by the same suspicion of insanity. My father and myself had joined the *armée de Condé*, and would then have been glad of the acquisition of such a bold, brave spirit, to the cause. With the view of his passing the frontier, we succeeded, by dint of the greatest privations, in raising a sum of money which we had conveyed to him. He thanked us sincerely, but said *he could not desert his post nor join us till his task was fulfilled!* With alarm we heard of him again at the execution of the queen, when he made himself remarkable by his conduct at the scaffold. It appears that he threw himself beneath the wheels of the cart in which that unfortunate princess was transported to her doom, and narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by the infuriated *poissardes* for his loud and outrageous vituperations at their cruelty. He escaped, however, by his extreme good fortune, once again, and we were once more appealed to for money to 'procure him a passage out of this horrid country,' wrote he, 'where neither innocence nor beauty could find favour in the sight of men more savage and cruel than the beasts of the field.' He refused to tell us in what manner he had disposed of the immense sum we had already, at great risk and inconvenience, sent him for the same purpose. Nevertheless, so great was our anxiety for his safety, and so great the desire that was felt throughout the whole *armée de Condé* for the acquisition of so valuable a member to its ranks, that a subscription was raised among us, poor as we were, and once more was the sum required despatched to this *enfant prodigue*, while we awaited in terror his safe arrival.'

"The marquis paused in his narrative, and then added, 'And, from that hour to this, I have never beheld him, although he was living, until lately, not far from my own château in Bretagne.'

"'Why, then, came he not to join you?' said I. 'Did he escape from the country?'

"'He did.'

"'And what became of him after this?'

"'He became a monk!' replied the marquis, 'with the money we had raised at so much toil and pains; he left the country and went to Italy, where he entered a convent of Camuldules; but, after the Restoration, finding the rules of this order not severe enough, he returned to France, and entered the monastery of La Trappe. It is but a few months ago that I received a letter from the superior of the convent, informing me of my brother's death, and mentioning that, although it was against the regulations of the order to admit of the bequeathing of any legacy to the laity, yet, in consideration of the marvellous piety of brother Eugène, he was willing to forward to me, according to his dying wish, the bequest which he had made me. This letter was accompanied by a small sealed packet, which contained about a yard of narrow black ribbon, and a receipt in due form for a sum of money which I instantly remembered was the exact amount despatched in the first instance to my brother from the *armée de Condé!* The writing was in the hand of *Henri Samson, the executioner*, signed by him, and bearing witness that the money had been received on delivery to the citizen Eugène B—— of the black ribbon which had bound the forehead and held back the hair of the *citoyenne* Capet on the morning of her execution.

"'It was all stained, and stiff with drops of blood. There were a few lines hurriedly written on the back of this paper by the hand of Eugène, wherein he said that he wished not to leave behind him the suspicion that he had disposed in an unworthy manner of the money which we had had so much difficulty in raising, and that he desired that I should become possessor of this relic, and that, if possible, it should be preserved in the family from generation to generation. He then merely added that he felt sure, from the knowledge of my sentiments, that I should cast no reproach upon his memory for having spent the sum in the acquisition of this treasure—this memorial of one who, from having been a martyr upon earth, was now a saint in heaven.'"

A History of the Inns of Court and Chancery; with Notices of their Ancient Discipline, Rules, Orders, and Customs, Readings, Moots, Masques, Revels, and Entertainments; including an Account of the Eminent Men of the Four Honourable and Learned Societies, Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn, &c. By Robert R. Pearce, Esq., of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London, Bentley.

Mr. Pearce's merit consists in his having selected an interesting subject, and in having collected for his readers a great quantity of amusing and instructive matter relating thereto. The many curious and entertaining passages which lie scattered through the pages of his book, warrant us in affirming that it will repay perusal, in spite of its many and striking deficiencies. Amid much too well known to deserve repetition, there is much too trifling to be told at all. In his anxiety to avoid the grave and somewhat wearisome effect of his predecessors, he has fallen into superficiality; whilst by the want of connected narrative and of historical colouring, by the absence of either logical or chronological sequence, his book appears bald and disjointed.

The subject, indeed, possesses a many-sided charm. Viewed in an antiquarian, in a historical, in a popular, or in a romantic light, it is equally attractive. Few have forgotten the impression made on them by the exterior aspect of these famous seats of learning, called the Inns of Court. The antique halls and venerable church, the pleasant gardens and the glorious stream, the silent courts and grave monastic piles, form a singular combination in the heart of this great city. Striking as they are in appearance, they are rich in associations. In those halls, successive generations of learned lawyers, upright judges, able statesmen have met; kings have assisted at the revels, queens have sat at the banquets celebrated in them. In that church, gorgeous with many tints, and renovated with prodigal outlay (the splendid mausoleum of a departed rather than the home of a living faith), the stern Knight Templars knelt in prayer, and their mailed effigies still tenant the fabric which they raised. In those gardens, four hundred years ago, grew the fatal roses, red and white, which, plucked as party badges, by the rival Lords of Lancaster and York, gave their name to the most deadly of our wars. Modern romance has swelled the interest of the Inns of Court. The readers of Dickens will look with interest on the lonely rooms "where young men shut themselves up, and read hour after hour, and night after night, till their reason wanders beneath their midnight studies, till their mental powers are exhausted, till morning's light brings no health or freshness to them, and they sink beneath the unnatural devotion of their youthful energies to their dry old books." Are we not told, on the same high authority, the old man eloquent of the Magpie and Stump, "They are no ordinary houses, those. There is not a panel in the old wainscotting, but what, if it were endowed with powers of speech and memory, could start from the wall, and tell its tale of horror—'The Romance of Life.'" No one will love the Temple less, because it was the residence of Tom Pinch; and the "merry play" of the silver-voiced Temple-fountain is identified with the gentle memory of his sister Ruth.

But whatever charm the Inns of Court may possess for these different tastes, we should not say that the antiquarian, or the historical, or the romantic element was prevalent in Mr. Pearce's mind. The character of his book, unlike the "*origines juridiciales*" of the learned Dugdale, is decidedly popular. A stranger from the provinces visiting the Inns of Court (happy if in penetrating the *adyta* of Themis, his object was less to consult the oracle, than to pay a friendly visit to some *flamen* of the law), who has been struck with Mr. Pickwick's notion "what curious old places" they are, and has conceived a desire to know *something more about them*, will be delighted with Mr. Pearce's History, which, however, is rather a book about the Inns of Court, than a history of them. But though Mr. Pearce is less a historian than a good-natured informant, who in a loose and rambling manner tells, in slipshod English, all he knows about the matter (and this, considering the books that have treated thereon already, is not much), still he does present us with a great deal of amusing information, and for so doing deserves our thanks.

"The Inns of Court," as Mr. Pearce tells us, in a sentence of prodigious length, "are voluntary societies, for ages submitting to government analogous to that of other seminaries of learning; from time immemorial enjoying the protection of the crown; by the common law subject to the visitorial power of the judges of the superior courts, who possess a domestic jurisdiction over these bodies, and to whom an appeal lies, in every case, against orders affecting members of these societies; forming a university empowered to grant degrees in the municipal law of England, which constitute indispensable qualifications for practice in the superior courts of law; no corporations, and possessing no charter from the crown; by the policy of the common law permitted self-government (subject to the qualifications mentioned), in order to secure the independence of a body upon whose integrity and freedom from the restraints and influences of the ruling authority a great deal of the constitutional liberty of Englishmen depends; and whose duty it has been, at different periods, to oppose the pretensions of the crown, resist the machinations of the court, question the legality of the proceedings of a majority, or stand unawed before a subservient judge; at the hazard of giving deadly offence to the government of the day, at all risks appearing as the faithful counsellors and fearless advocates of their fellow-citizens—no matter how obnoxious—who demanded their services for the defence of their rights, their lives, or their property. Unlike the canonist or civilian, the barrister assumes his gown without the acquiescence or approbation of any authority save that of the bench of the house to which he belongs; and to the peculiar constitution of the Inns of Court, and to the spirit of independence imparted by that constitution to the legal profession of this kingdom, may be ascribed the fact that, at the worst times of our history, advocates have been found ready to encounter the frowns of power, and to brave its bitterest hostility, on behalf of the oppressed or accused."

Big words break no bones, or here be mighty sounding ones. These passages are specimens of Mr. Pearce's *paullo majora canamus* style. These are the curvets and gambados in which he indulges when set on the high horse of the dignity of the Bar. But though, when occasion requires, he knows how to aggravate his voice and roar horribly, he is generally a civil enough and plain-spoken gentleman, and with even some relish for pleasantry. For our readers' sake, our next extract shall be somewhat less in Ancient Pistol's vein.

The following picture will serve as a fellow to Mr. Dickens' sketch, given above, of the overwrought student "sinking beneath his unnatural devotion to dry old books."

"There were many 'Swinge Bucklers' formerly in the Inns of Court and Chancery: and 'town and gown' rows were not unfrequent. Chaucer was fined, at the Inner Temple, for beating a Friar in Fleet Street; and in the reign of Henry the Sixth, the principals of Clifford's Inn, Furnival's Inn, and Barnard's Inn were sent prisoners to Hertford Castle, in consequence of a tumult between the students of all the Inns of Court and Chancery and the citizens of London in Fleet Street. 'Oh, the mad days that I have spent!' says Master Shallow, formerly of Clement's Inn, where, according to Shakspeare, the students were a riotous set, 'who knew where the bona robas were.' Shallow also relates how 'he did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer behind Gray's Inn.' Strype mentions that by reason of the 'frequent disturbances and unthrifts' of the gentlemen of the Inns of Chancery in the streets at night, the inhabitants were obliged to keep watches. In the year 1582 the Recorder himself, 'with six more of the honest inhabitants,' stood by St. Cle-

ment's church to see the lantern hung out, and watch for some of these outrageous dealers. At about seven o'clock at night they saw young Mr. Robert Cecil, the Lord Treasurer's son, (afterwards Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth,) pass by the church. The parish authorities, no doubt expecting 'to catch in the fact of an overt act' one of the disturbers of their peace, were surprised when young Cecil (who probably had some suspicion of their business) *gave them as he passed a civil salute;* at which Strype informs us they said, 'Lo! you may see how a nobleman's son can use himself, and how he putteth off his cap to poor men, the Lord bless him.' The Recorder was quite charmed with this evidence of Robert Cecil's innocence, and wrote a letter to his father, saying, 'Your lordship hath cause to thank God for so virtuous a son.'"

Perhaps Mr. Pearce is a little hard upon Sir Robert Cecil in his insinuation. Though we love not that eminent statesman, who was indeed as crafty a hypocrite and as consummate a villain as most of the favourite servants of the virgin Queen, yet the man's whole career shews that his cold-blooded nature little fitted him for a night brawler. He was clearly rather an Iago than a Cassio or a Roderigo.

If these specimens fail to convey a very high opinion of Mr. Pearce's style, we can only protest we have met none more favourable in his book. Indeed, the merit of the work consists in the quotations from other sources. We have before alluded to the total want of connexion and artistical arrangement of materials through the work. The unhappy imp sentenced by the arch-wizard to spin a rope out of the sea-sands succeeded in producing a coherent whole quite as much as Mr. Pearce. Mr. Pearce must not consider us unreasonable. We have before our eyes the fate of the critic who praised Dr. Johnson's Dictionary as amusing, but blamed it as unconnected. We know that in estimating the value of any literary performance, regard is to be had to the nature of the subject, and the avowed object of the author. We do not look for pathos in a Latin grammar, nor wonder because a treatise on algebra does not sparkle with wit; for all this, Mr. Pearce should remember that stones and beams do not make a temple, and that history is something more than an "extensive assortment" of facts. A history which neither records the progress of events, nor their inter-dependence; which neither develops the original state of things into their later condition, nor accounts for present events by tracing them back to their source; which omits all reference to the agency of time in modifying the form or changing the spirit of institutions, appears to us undeserving of the name. But, besides these general characteristics which affect the whole book, there are countless omissions, inaccuracies, and contradictions, which admit of no excuse. "The Inns of Court and Chancery," in the words of Lord Coke, "do make the most famous university for the profession of the law only, or of any one human science, that is in the world, and advanceth itself before all others, *quantum inter viburna cupressus.*" And Mr. Pearce quotes many other authorities to the same effect, pp. 53, 4, 5.

A meagre chapter on the studies pursued in these "famous colleges" succeeds. But of the successive changes by which these venerable institutions lost the character of legal seminaries, and of the relaxations by which the severity of ancient discipline was destroyed, and the tests of the competency of each candidate abandoned, Mr. Pearce is silent. Yet we have separate chapters on the early schools of law—on the constitution—on the ancient readings—on the regulations—and on the degrees of the Inns of Court. Surely we ought to have been told that in former times no one could be admitted to an Inn of Court till he had for one year been a student of an Inn of Chancery; that no one was called to the Bar unless he had been seven or eight years a student—and that no one was allowed to practise until he had been five, and, at a later period, three years at the Bar; that during these years of probation, by public exercises and mootings, the learning of each candidate underwent a severe test, and that degrees were then as meritoriously earned, as they are now indiscriminately bestowed. How far such omissions accord with Mr. Pearce's profession, in his preface, that he has "endeavoured to give *every authentic particular* known relative to the early history of the Inns of Court and Chancery," is not for us to say.

But inaccuracies and inconsistencies abound even upon matters of notoriety. Thus at page 401 we are told "there are no religious tests in the Inns of Court." At page 399, we hear that at Gray's Inn, when a student is to be called, the Benchers "cause the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, or (if he is a Roman Catholic) the oath provided for that purpose," (what purpose?) "to be administered to him; and he is thereupon called to the Bar." At page 398 it is said, that at the Middle Temple the student, before being called, is "required to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy." From this it is to be inferrred, 1st, that these and the Roman Catholic oath are not religious tests; 2d, that at Lincoln's Inn and the Inner Temple these oaths are not required; 3d, that at the Middle Temple the oath appointed for Roman Catholics is not used. The fact is, that all the Houses alike require Protestants to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and Roman Catholics to take the oath appointed for them. By the by, Mr. Pearce might have told us when and how the call to the Bar became encumbered with these oaths.

Another glaring instance of inaccuracy is at page 395, where we start to hear that no one can be admitted to the Bar "unless he has been five years a student in an Inn of Court." In the very next page, we are informed that at Lincoln's Inn, M.A.s and B.L.s of Oxford and Cambridge may be called at the end of three years; and in the next page but one, that at the Inner Temple, any person who has kept twelve terms may be called in three years. Now, though Mr. Pearce says it not, the same is, and has long been, the rule at the Middle Temple also. These are strange blemishes in a work that claims the merit of "fidelity and accuracy."

Mr. Pearce follows the example of his predecessors, in giving us the names of the different buildings in the Inns of Court, but he omits that which gives all the value to their information, viz. the dates of erection, by which the relative antiquity of the edifices and the reason of their names is ascertained. But, without dwelling longer on these blemishes, we will invite the reader's attention to our author's accounts of the "masques, revels, and entertainments" of the Inns of Court. These fill a considerable part of the book, and are evidently the favourite topics of the author. We will abbreviate the account of one of them as a sample. "About All Hallows Tide, in the year 1633," the Inns of Court testified to the King and Queen their "affection and duty . . . . by the outward and splendid visible testimony of a royal masque." Mr. Pearce tells us "it was thought that such a demonstration would manifest the disapprobation of the four Inns of Court of the conduct of Mr. Prynne, who had violently denounced all such entertainments, in which both the King and Queen had, on occasions, taken part; and serve as a refutation of his laborious and extraordinary work, Histrio-Mastix, which was dedicated 'to the Benchers and Students of the four Inns of Court, and particularly of Lincoln's Inn.'" Committees were formed, and "on Candlemas-day, in the afternoon," all met at Ely House, Holborn, where the grand committee sat all day. In the evening "they began to set forth down Chancery Lane to Whitehall. The first that marched were twenty footmen in scarlet liveries with silver lace," &c.; "after them came the marshal, Mr. Darrel, afterwards knighted by the King. He was of Lincoln's Inn, an extraordinary handsome proper gentleman," &c.; "after him followed one hundred gentlemen of the Inns of Court, five-and-twenty chosen out of each house of the most proper and handsome young gentlemen."

The description of the grand masquers is very superb. After a description of the chariots, &c. "In this chariot sat the four grand masquers of Gray's Inn; their habits, doublets, trunkhose, and caps, of most rich cloth of tissue, and wrought as thick with silver spangles as they could be placed; large white stockings up to their trunkhose, and rich sprigs in their caps, themselves proper and beautiful young gentlemen. * * The habits of the sixteen grand masquers were all the same, their persons most handsome and lovely, the equipage so full of state and height of gallantry, that it

never was outdone in one representation mentioned in our former stories."

We are told that "the Queen did the honour to some of the masquers to dance with them herself, and to judge them as good dancers as she ever saw; and the great ladies were very free and civil in dancing with all the masquers, as they were taken out by them. The expense of the whole amounted to 21,000*l.* Thanks passed afterwards from the Inns of Court to royalty, and were reciprocated. Thus, says Whitelocke, whose account we have quoted, 'These dreams passed, and these pomps vanished.'"

Our author gives us two or three hints by which we may see that, however highly the societies were favoured, they did not always escape the proverbial shoals and quicksands which beset a court. Thus, at this very masque, we are told, "was one Mr. Read of Gray's Inn, whom all the women and some men cry'd up for as handsome a man as the Duke of Buckingham. They were all well used at court by the King and Queen, and no disgust given them. *Only this one accident fell:* Mr. May of Gray's Inn, a fine poet, he who translated Lucan, came athwart my Lord Chamberlain in the banqueting-house, and he *broke his staff over his shoulder*, not knowing who he was." "In 1612, 10 James I., Mr. Edward Hawley, of Gray's Inn, coming to court one day, Maxwell (a Scotsman) led him out of a room *by a black string which he wore in his ear*, a fashion then much in use; but this had like to have cost warm blood." Another passage shews the Templars in not the most dignified light. "On Shrove Tuesday night the King and the Lords performed their masque. The Templars were invited, and well placed. They have found *a new way of letting them in by a turning chair;* besides, they let in none but such as have tickets sent to them beforehand, *so now the keeping of the door is no trouble.*"

Mr. Pearce concludes his chapter on the masques by telling us, "Soon after these levities . . . . a morose fanaticism obtained ascendancy, and acts of Parliament were passed suppressing stage-plays, which were denounced as 'the very pompes of the divell.'"

Grammaire Musicale, ou Introduction à tous les Solfèges; ouvrage instructif et amusant. Par J. Martin d'Angers. Paris: au Bureau Central de Musique. (Musical Grammar, &c.) London, Ballière.

COMMEND us to a Frenchman for making all things amusing. Oh, that we had a little of the mirth that dwells on the other side of the Channel, to shake us out of our cares and our gravities! 'Tis said that Dean Swift could write finely, even upon such an unpromising subject as a broomstick. Here, then, is M. Martin, of Angers, drawing forth food for smiles from the Gamut and the Diatonic Scale. *Do, re, mi, fa,* actually becomes entertaining in his hands. See how the "Chapel-master of the Royal Parish of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, Professor and Organist at the Royal College of St. Louis," opens up his subject, and entices young ladies and their mammas to the dull, dry matter of musical notation, and the mysteries of keys and transpositions:

"Smooth for a moment thy severe brow, stern critic; remember that thou art addressing the fairest half of the human race; let thy words be tender as the morning dew, and delicate as the heart and ears of thy readers.

"Young mothers of families, I am about to discourse with you on the musical education of your charming little daughters; I am going to bring you practical advice, the fruit of long experience: may I be so happy as to interest you, and to aid in increasing the happiness of your dear pupils!"

And thus does M. Martin from time to time enliven his discourse; now with a sentimental rapture, now with a tale or anecdote, now with a fragment of sound advice, now with the expressions of all a Frenchman's politeness and devotion to the "fairer half of the world." All this, however, is but the ornamental portion of the *Grammaire Musicale.* We are bound to say that it contains as much solid stuff as the most solemn and stately of English musical grammars, and that it is far more scientifically arranged, and more intelligibly expounded, than the majority which have come under our notice. It really is, what it pretends to be, a very useful guide to parents and teachers who wish to explain the elements of the musical art to their children and scholars. One or two points it also contains which are not commonly met with in English books, such as the description of $\frac{5}{4}$ time,—a measure little known, but striking and effective when judiciously employed.

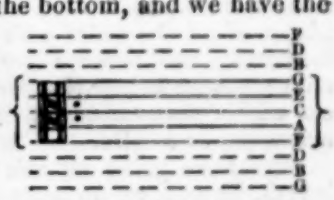
The least satisfactory portion is that which treats on the clefs and their signatures. This is, indeed, generally the weak point in all the books we have seen; and many is the luckless child whose brains have been puzzled hopelessly in the attempt to understand *why* the note which means C in one clef should mean D in another, and E in a third. There are, indeed, so few amateurs who seem to have a clear idea of the meaning, use, and origin of all this apparent mystification, that we shall venture upon a few words of explanation, which, we think, will make the matter plain to those who may care to understand it.

The musical staff, then, is, in its origin, the diagram on which are marked certain figures, which represent the whole compass of sounds which can be produced by the human voice. It takes in both the male and the female voice *at once*, only omitting those sounds which are within the compass of a few rare or highly cultivated organs. Here it is before us, complete:—

Here are eleven parallel lines. The dots, or notes, which are placed on those lines, or in the spaces between them, represent the sounds which are produced by the bass, the baritone, the tenor, the counter-tenor or alto, the mezzo-soprano, the soprano, and the treble voices. The common staff, with its various clefs,—treble-clef, bass-clef, tenor-clef, &c.,—is nothing but *one portion of this complete staff,* cut off from the rest, according to the compass of the voice whose sounds it is intended to express, *without the slightest alteration of the original meaning of any one of the dots, or notes.* The same line, whose dot represents C in one of these clefs, is still the C line; the C is only *apparently* transferred from one place to another.

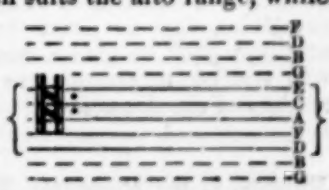
On the middle line in the whole eleven is placed one particular *C,* which is thence called *middle* C, and not (as some people fancy) because it comes about the middle of the keys of the pianoforte!

Now, then, to exemplify and prove this. Take the *five* middle lines from the whole, cutting off the superfluous three at the top and at the bottom, and we have the *alto* or *counter-tenor* clef, as it is commonly written; the signature 𝄡 shewing which is the line on which the note C is placed. It then stands thus:—



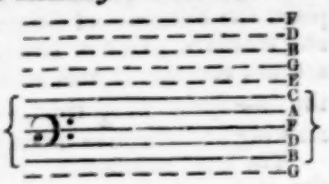
This takes in the average range of the alto or counter-tenor voice, with the exception of an occasional note or two above or below the five lines.

To shew the tenor-clef, which is designed to express the notes that lie in the compass of a voice a little lower in pitch than the alto, an additional line must naturally be taken in below that which suits the alto range, while one at the top may be omitted. This gives us the common tenor-clef; the note C, and consequently all the notes, *really* remaining unchanged; thus:

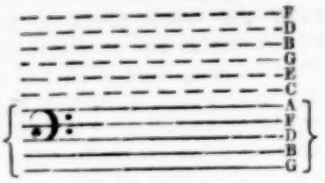


To take in the range of the *baritone* voice, we descend another line lower. This would throw the signature 𝄡 representing the note C on the top line; but custom, in this case, has determined on putting

another mark *or* device on that line which represents *F*. Observe, however, that the *meaning* of each line and space remains unchanged; the line now marked as representing F, being the old F, as before. The baritone-clef, now rarely used, therefore, stands in this manner:—

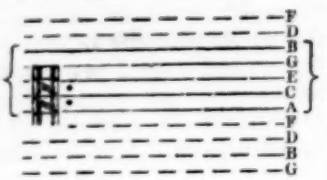


The bass, the lowest of male voices, requiring only the five lowest lines, the necessary selection is made, and the *bass-clef* appears thus:—

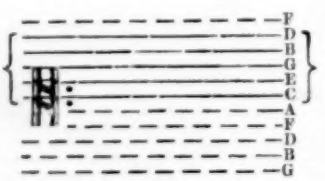


We now take the upper portion of the whole staff, for the voices of women; the compass of the *alto* belonging both to male and female voices, and being called *contr' alto* when it belongs to a woman.

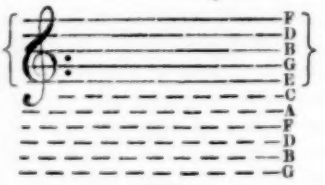
The *mezzo-soprano*, a compass one degree higher than the *alto*, demands a staff one line higher on the entire diagram. It is this:



The *soprano*, yet higher in pitch, rises again upwards in the diagram; and is written thus:



The *treble* voice, the highest of all, takes the five upper lines of the whole eleven. Here, however, the line which represents C being excluded, another device must be introduced, to shew what notes are appropriated to the various lines. The signature representing the G immediately above middle C, is, therefore, placed on the G line; the meaning of each line being still unchanged; and thus we have the common *treble*-clef:



And thus the mystery disappears. There is neither transposition, nor useless variety of notation, nor any hidden secret, the property only of the learned. The whole thing is a simple affair—a device to give every sound of the human voice its own fixed and unchanging representative on paper. Five lines alone are chosen out, because the use of the entire eleven would render it almost impossible for the eye to detect the exact places of all the notes with sufficient rapidity for performance; and because five lines, with the addition of an occasional ledger-line, include all the sounds which are within the compass of the average voices of a man, a woman, or a child.

We have given all this disquisition at some little length, because we do not remember ever to have seen the matter fully stated in any published book or treatise on music. They all pre-suppose a larger amount of knowledge in the learner than is actually possessed. And now that the divine art is rapidly finding new cultivators in almost every family in the land, it is of so much importance that the *elements* of musical reading should be disentangled of all imaginary difficulties and mysteries, that we have ventured a little out of our common path to give a hint or two, which, we trust, will not be unwelcome to some few of the musical readers of the *Rambler*.

Rambles in the Romantic Regions of the Hartz Mountains, Saxon Switzerland, &c. By H. C. Andersen. From the original Danish, with the Author's sanction, by Charles Beckwith. London, Bentley.

As a mere tour, there is little enough in this book; but the admirers of Hans Christian Andersen will not expect from him the graphic details and new facts which ought to characterise the works of travellers who publish their observations for the benefit of the world. It will be read for the sake of a fresh picture of the author's mind and feelings in new scenes and under new circumstances. As such, the *Rambles* will not disappoint those who enjoy the perfect good-humour and benevolence of spirit which overflow in all the poet's writings. He here rambles on, from Lubeck to Hamburg, from Hamburg to Brunswick, Goslar and the Brocken, thence to Eisleben, Leipsic, and Dresden; making an excursion to Bohemia, and winding up with Berlin and Spandau. Every where he is the same kind-hearted gossipper, with nothing very profound in his thoughts and fancies; ever cheerful, though with a slight tinge of sadness; ever loving to communicate his sentiments and feelings, with just enough self-complacency and delight in the display to make us wish these defects away, without absolutely destroying the charm of sincerity and simplicity.

Here and there, he gives us a story or a legend, told in his own peculiar way, though, to our taste, not always with success, and occasionally very *mal-à-propos*, and with some little leaning to the spirit of book-making. Fragments of verse are also scattered up and down the pages, though not profusely. Indeed, the volume is just such as to take a creditable place among the books of the season, without either adding to or detracting from the fame of its author.

But what is the meaning of the biographical sketch of the sculptor Thorwaldsen, appended to the *Rambles*? There is no indication of its presence on the title-page, nor does it even pretend to be the production of Andersen. Was it merely put in to eke out 251 pages of *Andersen* to 312 pages of *book*?

But we must extract a few passages here and there, to let Andersen speak for himself. To such as think that kindliness of heart, a fortunate lot, and a literary poetic taste, are enough in themselves to ensure happiness and true peace, we commend the following little confession:

"To be in a strange haste with every thing, is, in reality, my chief characteristic! The more interesting a book is, the more do I hasten to read it through, that I may at once get the whole impression of it: even in my travels it is not that which is present that pleases me; I hasten after something new, in order to come to something else. Every night when I lie down to rest, I hanker after the next day, wish that it was here, and, when it comes, it is still a distant future that occupies me. Death itself has in it something interesting to me—something glorious, because a new world will then be opened to me. What can it in reality be that my uneasy self hastens after?

"Fresh with life, and glorious, stood Nature's vernal green around us, and breathed gladness and quiet, whilst there lay, as it were, a dark veil over my heart; yet, thought I, why envy the fresh variegated flowers? Let them exhale their perfume, they will in a few months be withered: the well that now bubbles so merrily, passes away into the sea; and the sea itself, that swells so in its greatness, will evaporate. Let the sun play with his hot beams; he also,—the heavens,—will grow old as a raiment, when my heart, which now melts with sadness over its own dreams, will exult in its ascending flight towards infinity!"

Here is a pleasing picture of one of the great men of Germany, Ludwig Tieck. Andersen was introduced to him by Dahl, in whose company also he visited the great Dresden gallery, and with whom he acknowledged the beauty of the celebrated Madonna.

"At seven in the evening I went, with Dahl and the two young Norwegians, to visit the poet who stands next to Göethe in age, worth, and estimation amongst his countrymen—Germany's Tieck. The room we were ushered into was not large. Here the family sat around the tea-table with a number of strangers, mostly foreigners. Dahl presented the two Norwegians and myself to him as his countrymen, and the poet gave us a hearty welcome.

"What expression was there not in his look! I have never seen a more open face. The tone of his voice was so good-natured; and when one looked in his large clear eyes, there was a feeling of confidence towards him. It was not the poet that I loved—the man himself now became dear to me! He was just as I had pictured him to myself when I read his 'Elves;' but my dreams have so often proved false, that I sometimes could not help thinking, 'In reality he is, perhaps,

a stiff courtier,' and this would have repulsed me quite. Such is, also, my conception of Göethe, and this overcame my desire to see that great poet, who, I imagine, rises in his full grandeur when one sees him, like the church-towers, at a distance. This is not the case with Tieck; if one has been with him for half an hour, one forgets the poet for the man.

"Tieck is very fond of Holberg, whose works he has in an old German translation, from which he sometimes reads aloud to his friends, and that excellently. That evening I heard him read the second part of Shakspeare's 'Henry the Fourth.' He does not name the characters when reading, but he plays every part so well that one can tell directly who it is. The comic scenes, in particular, he gave in a masterly manner; and it was impossible to resist laughing at Falstaff and Dame Quickly. * * *

"What shall I say first about the great productions that made the deepest impression on me; yet, can there be a question? Raphael's 'Madonna!' I hurried through the rooms in search of this painting, and when I stood before it, it did not surprise me at all. It appeared to me as a friendly female face, but not more beautiful than many I had seen. Is this the world's far-famed picture? thought I, and wished to be surprised on seeing it, but it remained the same. It even appeared to me that several paintings of the Madonna, several female faces here in the gallery, were far prettier. I returned to them again, but then the veil fell from my eyes; they now appeared to me as painted human faces, for I had seen the divine one itself. I again stood before her, and then I first felt the endless truth and glory in this picture. There is nothing in it that strikes, nothing that blinds, but the more attentively one regards her and the infant Jesus, the more divine do they become. Such a superhuman child-like face is not found in woman, and yet it is pure nature. It appeared to me as if every pious, innocent girl's face had some resemblance to this, but that this was the ideal after which the others strove. Not love, but adoration, called forth that look. It now became intelligible to me how a rational Catholic can kneel to an image. It is not the colours on the canvass that he worships, it is the spirit, the divine spirit that reveals itself here in a corporeal form to the bodily eye, whilst the powerful tones of the organ peal above him and chase away the discords of the soul, so that there becomes harmony between the earthly and eternal.

"Time has paled the colours of the painting, but yet all the figures seem to live: the great halo of angels' heads behind develope themselves more and more, and in the look of the infant Jesus we see the whole grand expression comprised. Such a look, such a wise eye is not to be found in any child; and yet here it is natural childishness that seizes so powerfully on us. And then the angel children below;—they stand as a beautiful type of earthly innocence; the younger look forward in childish calmness, whilst the elder raise their eyes to heavenly figures above them. This single picture would make the gallery famous, just as it has been sufficient to make its master immortal."

In company with this we must give the parting scene with Tieck, wondering whether any of Andersen's *English* friends bade him adieu with a true German kiss.

"I now went to take leave of Dahl, who gave me some drawings and a sketch in oil, that I might be able to say I had something he had painted. 'Next summer,' said he, 'I shall certainly visit Denmark, and see all friends and acquaintances;' he then shook hands with me as a 'live-well!' saying, 'That is in Danish; and that,' added he, as he kissed me on the cheek, 'is in German!'

"I could not just now bid farewell to Tieck. I was obliged to walk about in the open air until the particoloured pictures round about again began to reflect themselves in the heart and mind; for these worldly pictures are like the sea in a storm, no star can be reflected there; but when one sees the green coasts, and the every-day life's red-roofed houses shew themselves on the surface, then it is quiet again.

"Tieck received me in his study, and looked so heartily in my face with his large wise eyes, that I made myself strong again, for I felt a lately suppressed sadness creeping over me with renewed power. He shewed much kindness towards me, praised what things he knew of mine, and, as I had no album with me, he wrote on a loose sheet of paper the following lines in remembrance of himself:

Gedenken Sie auch in der Ferne meiner; wandeln Sie wolgemüth und heiter auf dem Wege der Poesie fort, den Sie so schön und muthig betreten haben. Verlieren Sie nicht den Muth, wenn nüchterne Kritik Sie ärgern will. Grüssen Sie uns bald einmal frisch gesund und reichbegabt von den Musen nach Deutschland zurück. Ihr wahrer Freund, Ludwig Tieck.

Dresden, d. 10 de Junius, 1831.*

* "Remember me also at a distance: may you wander, elevated with joy, and happy in mind, on the path of poesy, which you have begun so fairly and courageously. Let not your spirits sink when degenerate criticism vexes you. Send us soon a greeting, healthy and richly gifted; send a greeting from the Muses back to Germany.

Your true Friend, L. T.

"*Dresden, June 10th*, 1831."

"I bade him farewell. No stranger saw us, and therefore I feared not to give vent to my feelings. He pressed me to his bosom, predicted a fortunate career for me as a poet, and certainly thought that I was a far better man than I am: His kiss glowed on my brow: I know not what I felt, but I loved all mankind. 'May I, if for only once, as a poet,' thought I, 'be able to present something to the world whereby I may shew the great poet that he did not make a mistake in his estimation of the stranger!'"

The painful and objectionable portion of some of Andersen's writings arises from that strange sentimental religion, bordering occasionally on profaneness, which he shares with too many of the *littérateurs* and writers not only of England and Germany, but of the greater part of Europe. It is not Pantheism, it is not Deism, it is not Protestantism, it is not infidelity or scoffing; but yet there is a certain repulsive mixture of the religious and the profane, of the Catholic and the anticatholic, of the religion of Jesus Christ with the religion of this world, which repeatedly obtrudes itself on us, and makes us regret that one so amiable, upright, and gifted, should not be wise enough to seek for his notions of religious truth in those definite doctrines which it has pleased the Almighty to reveal, and should be unable to recognise the indefeasible right of such a revelation to the absolute control of a man's whole nature and existence. We give one or two strange passages, in which this irreligious religion peeps out too plainly to be overlooked:

"From St. Mary's Church I went out into God's great church, which is of far greater magnitude: that is an arch! it preaches when all else is still. The houses on both sides of the street appeared to me to be rows of pews, like bought or rented family-pews, where even the domestics had their places. A thunder-cloud, which had drawn up over us, began its sermon in the mean time; it was short, yet there was much in that speech. * * *

"'Luther!' says Jean Paul, 'thou resemblest the fall of the Rhine! How mightily dost thou storm and thunder! But as the rainbow hovers immovably on its stream, so rests also the bow of grace, peace with God and man, in thy breast: thou shakest only thy earth, but not thy heaven!'

"This is poetically fine; but yet there lay something in the tone and the expression with which the old man said to his wife, of Luther, '*That was a man!*'—something far greater, more just and sublime. I believe that Jean Paul himself would have said the same thing if he had heard the old man.

"Luther!—'*that was a man!*'—therefore he broke the yoke of popedom, and therefore he sang—

Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weiber und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang!*

Therefore he threw the inkstand at the head of the Prince of Darkness; for, as a German poet (I think it is Börne) says: 'Writing-ink and printing-ink are the best weapons to use against the devil; they will in time chase him entirely from the world.'"

Monastic Remains. By Joseph Potter, Architect. Folio, plates. London, Weale.

Architectural Parallels. By Edmund Sharpe, M.A., Architect. Parts I. to X. Folio. London, Van Voorst.

THESE two works may almost be called rival publications, from their being not only contemporary, but devoted to the very same laudable object, that of rescuing from threatened annihilation the remains of the many beautiful monastic edifices which still exist in this country.

Many years ago, when the love of Gothic architecture was less extensively spread than it is at present in the minds of educated men, an ardent wish was felt by those who saw with regret these old ruins crumbling yearly away in silent decay, that some effort should be made to perpetuate, by means of measured drawings, the comparatively little that did still survive. That effort has been made with no less spirit than scientific and artistic skill; and the results are before us in the two valuable works specified above.

* "He who loves not wine, women, and song,
Will be a fool his whole life long."

Mr. Potter's work contains plans and drawings in detail of Buildwas Abbey, in Shropshire, and Tintern Abbey, in Monmouthshire. The accuracy with which the minutest parts have been laid down by measurement, and the exceedingly interesting character of the buildings, especially the latter, which he has thus illustrated, render his work one of the most important contributions to architectural science which the present age has produced. We very deeply regret to hear, that a want of sufficient support has caused so very valuable a work to be suspended at an early period of its promising career.

Mr. Sharpe has extended his work to ten parts. The drawings are lithographic, and exhibit sections, elevations, and perspective views of the buildings, both in their present dilapidated state and in their perfect condition, so far as their restoration has been justified by actual data of existing remains. Parts and compartments of two nearly coeval buildings are occasionally contrasted in one and the same plate, to illustrate the progressive developments of the Gothic styles. The series is highly interesting; and it is difficult to say whether this or Mr. Potter's deserves the greater praise. The latter is more complete in details, the former in its recovering so much of what must have been from the little that now is.

For example: of Byland Abbey there remains but the west front, the north wall of the nave aisle, a corner of the south transept, and the lower part of two or three of the main columns, lately disinterred from heaps of accumulated rubbish. From a triforium shaft and capital, part of a clerestory arcade, and a few overhanging fragments of arch-stones here and there, Mr. Sharpe has restored (and with certainty) the entire nave of this most stately church, the ruins of which are now so small, that a few more years of neglect and havoc would have almost obliterated them.

Of all the abbeys, Tintern is justly considered the most beautiful ruin, from the combined effect of romantic situation and architectural grandeur. This ruin has been given in both the works before us, but by far the most fully in Mr. Potter's.

No building in the United Kingdom exhibits more perfect detail of the Geometric-Decorated age than this. The mouldings especially are of surpassing richness and purity, and present a very curious and extensive study of the mediate forms between Early English and Decorated work, although more nearly approaching to the former. The church is said to have been erected about 1280,—a period when, as is now fully ascertained, architecture had made very considerable advances in the development of the Decorated style. The west window is a most curious example of a vast geometric design, blending pure Early English detail with the true Decorated principles of composition. The great east window Mr. Sharpe has restored in his drawing, from the small remains of tracery which still hang aloft from the soffit of the main arch. Both of these shew the gigantic size which windows attained almost as soon as the lancets were supplanted by combinations of many lights under one comprising arch. Similar windows, but still earlier in date, exist at Netley Abbey, and the west front of Binham Abbey, Norfolk. The fact is, the Early English architects constructed these great windows as early as 1250 at least. It was at this point that Gothic architecture, properly speaking, arose in its full glory. The Lancet style preceding it knew of nothing beyond the single light, which is merely the elongated Romanesque window with a pointed arch in the head.

Of the pointed Norman (for so it should be called) Buildwas Abbey is one of the best existing specimens. It is said to have been built as early as 1135, but it is difficult to believe that this date applies to some parts, such as the windows with banded shafts and floriated capitals, even though the slightly-pointed pier-arches, surmounted by semicircular clerestory windows, may safely be referred to that date. This example, and the similar one of Fountains Abbey, shews the error of the popular opinion, that the discovery of the pointed arch immediately led to the formation of the Gothic style; the fact being, that it was in use for half a century at least before a *particular application of it* (*i. e.* to vaulting) led to the development of the Early English, commonly so called.

Of the *pure* Lancet style (which we may fix within the limits 1200-40) Croxden Abbey, in Staffordshire, is one of the finest specimens extant. The lancet windows in the west front and the south transept are exceedingly fine from their very lofty proportions. Neither this nor Battle Abbey, near Hastings, seem to be as well known as they deserve. The refectory of the latter is one of the largest and boldest examples of this kind of building in existence, and of the best Early English character. Beneath it is a magnificent vaulted apartment, the roof of which, with its quadripartite groining, springs from cylindrical columns of solid Purbeck marble.

None of the dismantled abbey churches remain so nearly entire as Tintern. With the exception of the central tower, and the greater part of the window tracery, the whole shell, even to the gables, still exists. Mr. Potter's work is in fact a series of working drawings of the entire structure, from which it might be exactly reproduced were it to be pu'led down to-morrow.

Exalted, indeed, must have been the genius, and ardent the piety, of the founders and builders of these extraordinary piles. Their *piety* is undeniably set forth in the fact, that the church was invariably the largest, finest, costliest edifice of the whole conventual group, the nucleus around which dormitory, refectory, and the numerous minor offices were congregated, and by which they were overshadowed.

May the old architecture come back again, and bring with it some of the old spirit that quickened it into such glorious life! At present *we* can only imitate; but even this we must do with understanding and due discretion. For our architects are apt to forget, that by the very fact of copying their predecessors of the middle ages, they become most unlike them in that particular circumstance which is the life and soul of all material art, the *principle* on which it is carried on. The present generation endeavours to recover, like a dead language or a lost science, what the men of old exercised as a living, progressive, self-developing thing. We have, indeed, the body, decayed and worn out as it is, but they had the spirit which quickened it. It is a mistake to suppose that that spirit was identical with, or even the necessary result of, the mediæval faith. The two things are quite distinct in themselves, as is evident from the fact that we retain the latter, while we had utterly lost, and are now only recovering, the former.

Gothic architecture was immediately and essentially suspended by the dissolution of the Freemasons, in whose hands it was vested like a vast monopoly, rather than by the rupture in the unity of the Christian church which took place in the sixteenth century. Without such an organised system as that wonderful confraternity supplied, no amount of religious feeling or enthusiastic faith could have achieved the great ecclesiastical works of the middle ages, because (as at present) it would have been unable, so to speak, to embody itself in any definite, methodical, scientific way. At the present time, a single individual, or at most five or six men, of eminent genius, supply a want, and, as it were, a vacuum in the department of ecclesiastical art which was unknown and unfelt in the days of the Freemasons. Our bond of unity, so far as it exists, in giving the preference to a particular style, is nothing more than a common consent to admire and copy *their* works. What, indeed, but a kind of rivalry to be foremost in reviving a lost art could now ensure any thing like an agreement or uniformity in building and decorating churches? Where each one strives to be the best copyist of an existing model, it is obvious that at least a very close approximation to uniformity will be the result.

But this uniformity is a totally different thing from that which formerly prevailed through the influence of co-operation and the restrictions of actual rule. It is just as different as the voluntary and independent attempts of five or six fellows of colleges to imitate the old monastic life would be from the working of an actual religious community living under the ancient

rule. In the one case monasticism is a thing extinct, or at least merely traditionary, in the other it is a living reality. So it is with modern church-building; the selection of a style is arbitrary, and it is only to a general movement and a kind of fashion (induced no doubt by the best feelings of love and reverence for the mighty past) that we owe the improved character and furniture of the churches which we see rising every where around us.

Of the history, organisation, rules, and craft of the ancient Freemasons next to nothing is known. But we cannot contemplate their works without being filled with amazement at the perfection of a system which for many centuries together could cover the face of Europe with buildings, wherein every detail was, for the time being, in the strictest unison; a system under which every advancement and improvement of the art was spread simultaneously, and adopted unanimously by the working thousands throughout a wide continent.

Not but that Christian architecture had national developments, or rather, perhaps, took national directions, according to climate, material, and other external circumstances. For instance, the Early English, and the contemporaneous continental Geometric-Decorated, our Perpendicular, and the gorgeous Flamboyant of our neighbours, are instances of these diverging tendencies, though all are essentially subordinate to one rule, and evidently animated by one spirit.

We may, perhaps, at the present time be said to have taken up, and to be restoring to its former life, a dropped or suspended art at the point where it suddenly ceased its vital functions; or rather, perhaps, where it first exhibited symptoms of losing its *healthy* action. For the genius and good sense of Mr. Pugin and our other best architects are fully alive to the fact, that *mere antiquarianism can never produce satisfactory results;* but that every style of architecture, to be successful, must be regularly progressive, adopting constructive and artistic improvements as they are found out, and accommodating itself to the wants and requirements which may arise. We must not merely *re-produce*, but we must *re-animate*. In a word, we must recal the spirit of ancient art rather than the mere forms in which we find it exhibited in the ancient works.

Those forms may or may not be suitable for all our present uses, whereas they were developed simply because they *were* suitable to the times which gave them birth. To go forward, and not backwards, must be our aim in this as in every other practical matter; for herein consists the real difference between a dead thing of the past and a living thing of our own times and circumstances.

It is thus only that the revival of Gothic art can gain a steady and increasing hold over the minds of men. A mere imitation of an old building, without regard to the convenience and use of modern occupants, is the greatest absurdity imaginable; and it is by producing such servile copies of antiquity that some few architects may be said to have done great harm to the cause which they intended to advance; for the more practical and less enthusiastic of mankind thereby contract dislikes and prejudices, which the mismanagement, and not the real unsuitableness of the style, has caused them to entertain.

A Bowl of Punch. By Albert Smith. Illustrated by Henning, Hine, and Sala. London, Bogue.

We are getting surfeited with books of jokes; they come too thick, and in too large quantities to be digestible. We shall soon be afflicted with an intellectual dyspepsia of the most uncomfortable species. A few pages, or a chapter or two, or an occasional burst of fun, is all very well and very welcome; but it is too bad when jests come in volumes. They are then so manifestly elaborated with painful toil, that we pity the poor authors, but cannot laugh.

The *Bowl of Punch* on our table before us might have passed muster, had we been called to sip it in wine-glasses, at decent intervals; but taken in the bowl it is flat and spiritless; it wants spice, it wants lemon, it wants *eau-de-vie*. The cuts are good, and the best part of the whole; that especially which forms the frontispiece is delicious. The best thing the *Gutta Percha* soles ever did, was to suggest this comicality. We hardly know what to quote as a specimen; but the following may suffice. It is from a few examples of "comicography," or *morceaux* in the various English styles of writing:—

"*The early English, or Chaucerian style.*—Chaucer flourished—a rare thing for poets to do at all times—towards the end of the fifteenth century. In his time it was considered a piece of exquisite humour to play off allusions to the church, and those belonging to it; and on sport of this kind they would write a bit of fun as follows:—

'With hym ther was ye Dene of Westministere,
That hadde ye olde worlde monsters maken clere,
And wold wel talke of byegone bestes of myghte,
And swymminge snakys icthyosauri hight.
He cold wel showe ye forme of fish uncouthe,
And mammothe eke, dydde hee but see a toothe,
And also was hee a right pious manne
And goodlie, ere hee to be Dene beganne,
And didde ye Deluge knowe and eke Noah,
From writ as welle as from his fossille store,
And ever were hee wente was ryght wellcom.'

"*The Stewart style*, prevalent and vastly popular about the latter end of the seventeenth century. This school was of an agreeable conceit, as will be seen. We take the following from *Pepys's Diary*:—'November 5. To-day I did wear my wrapper of sad-coloured Tweed, pleasant to behold; wherein my wife sayde I looked marvellously well. I did don my gossamer hat with the black band, and my new pourpoint of Corazza; and thus I did go gravely to the Mall, where Will Mercer did challenge me to play at odd man. I did win vjd., which made great sport.' • • •

"From the ninth volume of the *Spectator*, which was never published, we extract the following light article, which appears to have reference to some character well known about town at the period:

'No. 636.] Saturday, January 1, 1715.

'Ubicumque Gentium.'—*Cic.*

'Go where you will, a gent you're sure to meet.'—*Ourselves.*

Cynthio is an individual whose physiognomy is familiar to all the taverns and playhouses of the metropolis. He affects the airs of a fine gentleman as well as the dress, but has not the semblance of either in reality. Slang and witless noise is better understood by him than good English or politeness. His pretensions to distinction are small, but yet he bears himself as if the whole place belonged to him. As the varieties of curs are distinguished by their paws, so is Cynthio usually recognised by his hands; the coarseness of which no means short of gloves will disguise. He smokes in public resorts, and would on no account quit the play without lighting a cheroot by the last gas-light on the stairs; nor in this does he demand the permission of the other visitors. The ring and turf are to him matters of the deepest moment; and he talks, in company, of fighting-men and horses as the most important topics. He also has language of his own—the appeasement of thirst he calls 'a drain;' with him anything super-excellent is 'stunning;' an approximation to the prevailing style in the fashion of a garment he denominates 'the cheese;' and with him 'a party' does not signify more than one. He is particular in strangely cut coats of stranger fabric, which he dignifies by aristocratic names; and when he walks abroad in them in fashionable places, he affects to be doing what he expresses by a word synonymous with the gradual extension of bulk. But although my friend Will Honeycomb is particular in dress, he does not know the names of the coats in question; and yet we consider him as the finer gentleman of the two, as from polite manners he certainly must be.'

"We now come to the age of those jocular pocket-books and magazines which contained all that was comical at that period. We have now before us

THE LADIES' OWN MEMORANDUM-BOOK;

or, Daily Pocket Journal for the year 1768, being Bissextile, or Leap Year; and the 17th of the New Style now used in Great Britain. The latter phrase is no longer used commonly. The 'Gent's New Style' is the only one popularly known, and generally refers to boots and ties, instead of years and calendars. This is a most diverting miscellany, which at the present day would have run us hard, both in illustration and writing. We extract the following from twenty-four

NEW COUNTRY DANCES,

as danced at Bath and other polite resorts.

'*The Walbrook Folly.*

First man casts up one, and carries on one to the bottom of the figure.

Then crosses over, comes back, up the middle and down again.

Casts up again, and then hands round—no receipt.'

'Lord Brougham's Favourite.

First man foots it, and changes his side.
Foots it, and comes to his own side again.
Sets to contrary corners, and turns.
Four-sided reel.'"

Brief Notices.

Sights in Italy: with some Account of the Present State of Music and the sister Arts in that Country. By William Gardiner. Longmans.

Every now and then somebody or other writes a book which makes one open one's eyes with amazement. Some hitherto unknown light of the world publishes an epic in twelve books; or gives a bird's-eye view of the customs, religion, and domestic life of Italy, taken from an Alpine peak; or discourses solemnly on matters which were known to our great-grandmothers, as if they were truths just brought to light by his singular penetration; till the luckless reader marvels where the writer could have vegetated for the last half century, or how his friends could have been so foolish as to let him put his lucubrations into print. Mr. Gardiner's *Sights in Italy* is a book of the last class that we have specified. Were it not for its flippancy on religious subjects, and the exploded follies it retails on Italy and the Italians, we should have been disposed to have let it pass with a smile at the exquisite simplicity which must have prompted its publication.

Its author is literally nearly eighty years of age, and having just completed a tour in the old track, he forthwith writes and prints a book to express his surprise and disappointment at finding that the music of Italy is not just what it was some fifty or sixty years ago. The rest of the book is made up of details of what he saw, or fancied he saw, comprising just that kind of information which we remember to have learnt when we were between ten and twelve years old. Besides this, he has put into his octavo nearly forty pieces of engraved music, thrust in here and there from the beginning to the end, without rhyme or reason, and comprising such charming novelties as the Marseillaise, a Minuet of Haydn's, a bit of the Overture to Semiramide, Vadasi via di quà, and other such compositions, entirely unknown to the barbarous English public. In short, the thing is as worthless, superficial, and foolish an affair, as ever made pretence to be a book of travels.

The Fables of Æsop. A New Version. By the Rev. T. James. With Illustrations by J. Tenniel. Murray.

Here is a book of another stamp, though the subject-matter is as old as the hills. Mr. James has re-translated the works of the venerable Fabulist on what we think a very sound principle, not treating him as a classic, nor troubling himself to seek out the most correct text for his version. We shall let him speak for himself, and explain his own proceedings.

"This edition of Æsop has been undertaken with a view to remedy the deficiencies of the versions at present in use in schools. It is only necessary to glance at the existing translations to perceive that the vapid and often vulgar style falls as far short of the requirements of the present day in literature, as the woodcuts are behind the modern productions of illustrative art.

"The author of the *present* translation has gone to the original Greek and other sources, keeping as closely as possible to those authorities, but seeking to condense rather than expand them. He has taken considerable liberty with those prosy appendages called *morals* or *applications*; thus departing from the practice of the English Fabulists, who have generally diluted the spirit of the original, converting into a sermon what was meant to be summed up in a pithy proverb, and very often missing the point altogether. He has endeavoured to restore to them their original terseness, incorporating them frequently with the fable.

"It is hoped that the book, stamped with the wisdom and wit of more than twenty centuries, and at length freed from the platitudes and immoralities of the last two, will now exhibit, in the most popular form, truths founded on the broad base of human nature, and present, as it stands, an amusing handbook for all ranks and ages, and a classbook for all seminaries, from the royal foundations to the ragged schools."

The result is a volume as useful as it is elegant. Tenniel's designs are in general extremely successful, and shew a considerable improvement on the artist's earlier works: the woodcutting is clear, delicate, and expressive, and the effect of the whole quite *classical*.

The Cultivation and Manufacture of Tea in China. By Samuel Ball, Esq., late Inspector of Teas to the East India Company in China. Longmans.

Until lately there seems to have been nearly as much difference of ideas among writers on Chinese matters as to the nature and varieties of the tea-plant, and the manufacture of tea for the market, as there is among tea-amateurs on the knotty question of the precise quantity of boiling water to be used in the first step of the process of infusion in the teapot. What Davis, Fortune, and others had told the world about this matter is here expanded, with more or less confirmation, and in a complete and scientific way, by the late Inspector of Teas to the East India Company. The subject is not only amusing and interesting as a branch of general knowledge, but as having a most important bearing on the interests of millions of British subjects in India. Every day shews more clearly that excellent tea may be grown in many a country besides China, and that it might be made a very acceptable addition to the diet of the graminivorous multitudes who own our sway in Hindostan. Especially, Mr. Ball thinks the Hindoos would take to it, when converted into a species of buttered broth! His book is by far the most complete work on the subject that has appeared, and apparently exhausts the subject.

De Imitatione Christi, Libri Quatuor. Londini, Williams et Norgate.

An English issue of one of the most readable editions of the *Imitation* which we have ever seen. It is from the press of Tauchnitz, is well printed on good paper, and illustrated with a few very pleasing woodcuts after Strachuber, and it has a useful appendix of devotions for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. We hope to see more such editions of kindred works in the originals; but when shall we have a perfect translation of the *Imitation* by some one who understands both Latin and English, and knows that the first duty of a translator is neither to abridge nor to amplify?

The Angelical Youth St. Aloysius Gonzaga proposed as an Example of a Holy Life. Translated from the Italian of Mattei, by the Princess Maria Elisa di Gonzaga-Mantua.

The best possible recommendation we can give of this little book to many of our readers, is to quote from the dedication the words of Pius IX. to the husband of the noble translator: "This work would do much good in England."

Dolman's Magazine for March, in addition to a continuation of its tales before commenced, has an ingenious "Apology for Pleasant Wine," a pretty little sketch of the "Benefits of a Visiting Society in Ireland," and a very pleasing paper on the Roman Catacombs and the spirit of Christian Art as displayed in its earliest works, in contrast with the unchastened productions of Pagan genius.

Ecclesiastical Register.*

CONSECRATION OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. DAVIS, BISHOP OF MAITLAND, NEW HOLLAND.

The consecration of a Catholic Bishop can never be a matter of merely temporary interest, inasmuch as the throne to which he is exalted is an integral portion of that empire which not only extends from sea to sea, and is as wide as the world itself, but is destined to outlast all earthly states and kingdoms, and to endure to the end of time. The recent consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Davis, at Bath, on St. Matthias' day, has also a peculiar interest attaching to it, both from the fact of his being appointed by the Holy See to preside over a portion of the vast continent of Australia, and because he is the first prelate who will occupy the newly erected See of Maitland. He is the fourth suffragan associated in this laborious field with Dr. Polding, the indefatigable Archbishop of Sydney.

Dr. Davis is in his 33d year. Like his episcopal superior, he is a Benedictine of St. Gregory's College, Downside; and was distinguished by his great practical talents while a resident in that community, uniting in his own person the three important offices of Prefect, Procurator, and Pastor of the congregation. The new prelate possesses also considerable musical attainments, and is himself no mean performer on the organ. Great as is his loss to his own community, greater still will be the gain to those to whom he is sent. His energies will find their satisfaction in a higher object and a wider sphere; and what the Church loses in one portion, she will more than gain in another; so that the body itself will be invigorated and replenished, and God be the more believed in and glorified.

That the event produced no ordinary sensation in the city of Bath, none could have doubted who beheld the crowds that besieged the doors of the church long before the hour at which they were to be opened, or the anxiety displayed to obtain a

* In introducing an Ecclesiastical Register and a Journal of the Week into our pages, an apology is due to our readers for the addition of the Stamp to those copies of the Rambler which have been hitherto issued unstamped. As the size of our Journal is now very considerably enlarged, and the new features will add much both to the temporary and permanent value of the publication, we trust that the penny thus added to the price of the unstamped copies will not be generally objected to.

place from which the sacred function could be witnessed. This anxiety, however, was equalled by the orderliness maintained when once this object was secured; for though the church was densely crowded, both with Catholics and Protestants, the attention of the multitudes was throughout so perfectly fixed, that at times the deepest stillness prevailed. This was especially the case during portions of the sermon and the more solemn passages of the sacred office. The sanctuary was filled with ecclesiastics; among whom were the Very Rev. Dr. Barber, Superior of the Benedictines; the Rev. J. Wilson, Prior of Downside; the Very Rev. J. W. Hendren; the Very Rev. Dr. Brindle, &c. &c. The consecrating Bishop was the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, Vicar Apostolic of the Western District; the assistant Bishops were, the Right Rev. Dr. Wareing, Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District, and the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, Vicar Apostolic of the Welsh District. The combined choirs of Downside and Prior Park performed their part with great efficiency; and the beautiful Litany of the Saints was joined in by both choirs and the congregation generally.

The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Morris, Bishop of Troy. His discourse consisted of two parts; in the first, he enlarged upon the unity, universality, and indefectibility of the Church; in the second, he spoke of the virtues by which a Christian Bishop must be adorned, in order that his personal exertions may give effect to his divine ministry,—humility, patience, and love of prayer. His words, in describing the permanency of the Church as founded on the immovable chair of Peter, which has endured, and shall endure, amidst the fall of empires and the revolutions of nations, became invested in a few hours with a startling significance, when the news arrived of the abdication of the throne of France by one who thought to have established a dynasty which his children's children should inherit. In the hope that is founded on that most blessed truth, every earnest heart will find encouragement and confidence, in the uncertainty of what is reserved in the dark future for the Holy Father and the universal Church.

Of the function itself, which, considering the infrequency of such celebrations, and the incommodiousness of the space at command, was most creditably performed, little need be said. Those who know something of the wonderful depths and latent meanings of that magnificent and majestic service, will not need to be told how touching, how subduing, how awfully impressive were its several circumstances to those who made it truly to themselves a service of devotion, and joined their hearts with their understandings in contemplating each detail of the great transaction that was passing before their eyes. But even those who understand but little—even the least possible—of what was going forward, must have felt this, that what they were witnessing—what was attracting and rivetting their attention, and engaging their imagination, and in some strange way affecting their secret soul—was no idle form, or brilliant spectacle—no mere pageant of religion, meant only to feed the fancy and interest the feelings; but a solemn and a dread reality—a mystery in which God was Himself the invisible administrator and agent.

Had not the function itself, the general movement, the demeanour of all the actors and assistants, sufficed to shew them this, the voice and manner of him who was the prominent object in the scene would have taught them that he regarded it as no empty ceremony—so deep and earnest were the tones, so deliberate and emphatic were the words with which he replied to the interrogatories of the Church, and made profession of the faith—so evident was the emotion with which he received each symbol of his holy office; or rather, we should say, each portion of the celestial armour with which he was arrayed—so undoubted the confidence with which, when the panoply was complete, and he stood invested with every spiritual gift, and the plenitude of every benediction, he first raised the hand which henceforth shall go scattering blessings through the world, and in the name of the undivided Trinity poured down upon the kneeling people that grace and power which flows from Him who died upon the cross, and sitteth in heaven on the throne of God.

MISSION AMONG THE EXTREME POOR OF LONDON.

A VERY important commencement has just been made towards awakening from their slumbers the vast body of the Catholic London poor. Every one knows, in a general way, that there are vast numbers, to be counted by tens of thousands, of Catholics in this great metropolis, who are Catholics only in name, destitute of all the means of grace, and more or less sunk in ignorance and sin. Crowded together in the most densely populated and most miserable parts of the city and suburbs, they escape almost the knowledge of the most zealous of the clergy, whose energies, already overtasked, are utterly inadequate to the bringing home the truths of religion to these poor, famished creatures.

A movement, however, has just been begun, which promises to attack the giant evil with weapons to which it will yield a ready submission. Within the last few weeks, under the direction of Dr. Wiseman, an inroad has been made upon one of those haunts of misery and darkness which lie, unknown to the more decent parts of the world, along the banks of the river, on the Surrey side of London. The Rev. R. Hodgson, lately employed in the missionary work at Richmond, has taken a large open room in a place called the Maze, close to Tooley Street, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the London Bridge railway-station. The room was formerly an anatomy-school, and is now used, during the greater part of every day, for some kind of tanning process. It is, of course, wretched, dingy, and miserable in the lowest degree. The sacred rites of religion could scarcely be celebrated in a place more unworthy of their sanctity and their majesty. But yet it is impossible to doubt that the grace of God, which dwells alike in the gorgeous cathedral and the dilapidated chapel, on moor or mountain, has vouchsafed a most signal blessing to the efforts making in this spot for the redemption of the poor from their ignorance and corruption.

It is supposed that there may be no less than some five or six thousand poor Catholics in this neighbourhood alone. Almost the whole of them are Irish; and they are for the most part employed on the river, or in the quays and warehouses that crowd its banks. Others are pedlars and hucksters, or occupied in the manufactories of the spot; while many are in the most abject poverty, and at times know not where even to lay their heads. Almost the whole of these are without the means of religious instruction. The priests who are least distant from them are overwhelmed with the duties of their nearer flocks, and these poor creatures live and die, unknown and uncared for. The amount of positive immorality and debauchery is of necessity lamentably great, though perhaps less than might have been looked for under the circumstances.

But if the evil is appalling, the results of this attempt to remedy it seem to be equally encouraging and consoling. In the course of the first month after Mr. Hodgson opened the mission, or retreat, about five hundred confessions have been received, the greater part of them general confessions. He preaches every morning in the week, after mass, and gives an instruction every evening. In the morning, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty are generally present, of whom many communicate; in the evening, the numbers amount to four or five hundred. Occasionally, a brother clergyman takes a portion of the duties. On Sundays, when there are two masses and sermons, besides the evening service, the room is crowded to suffocation. There are not a dozen seats in the room, but the poor people stand in rows, packed together so close, that how they contrive to kneel, as almost all do, is a puzzling mystery. A more devout and attentive congregation we never saw; and a scene so deeply interesting we are sure is rarely to be found. It is literally the preaching the gospel to the poor, almost for the first time; for it is not too much to say that few of all these crowds visit a church or chapel from one year to another.

Two things in particular are especially remarkable, viz. the large preponderance of the men over the women, and the number of those who have books. At all the services there are far more men than women present, probably because the latter are entirely occupied with their children and household affairs, while the men can *make* time to come when they will. We understand that it is Dr. Wiseman's wish to establish many such missions, one after another, in the most destitute parts of London, employing such men as Mr. Hodgson, or others who are ready and able to devote themselves to the noble work, to make the commencement, and put in training such arrangements as may keep up the work when begun. In the case we are speaking of, the missionary duties are now shared by two of the Passionists, Father Gaudentius and Father Ignatius (the Rev. George Spencer), who will continue to assist for some time in the work of evangelising the dense multitude. Dr. Wiseman himself has preached twice, to the extreme joy of the listening poor; though it was not thought wise to make it public that he would come for the purpose, from fear of accidents through an overwhelming crush of hearers.

To carry out satisfactorily this great and happy undertaking, only men and money are needed. That Almighty God will give his most abundant blessing, when we have employed the means He has commanded, we cannot for a moment doubt. The most sceptical have only to be present in that squalid room in the Maze, at the time when it pleases the merciful Saviour of men to visit his people with his Sacramental Presence, to be convinced of the reality and excellence of the work that is going on. But where are the labourers? The fields are white for the harvest, but there are few to put in the sickle, and gather in the dropping grain. The Catholic poor of England are perishing, and the priests of the country are fewer now than they were a year ago, so many of them having died in the service of this very poor. Money also *must* be found to support

the infant missions. A clergyman cannot live on air and water; and it is cruel to place him in the midst of anguish and starvation without the means of relieving it, at least in some slight measure. In the present case, Mr. Hodgson has not given away ten shillings in all; so that none need fear that it is the hope of any worldly gain which has brought the penitent crowds to the confessional. But yet the clergyman *ought* to be able now and then to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; and, above all, to save the poor Catholic girl from that last horrible refuge from starvation, to which, we assure our readers, she is sometimes driven in this vast wilderness of men and women, and misery. Those who can do nothing for supplying these two great wants, can at least aid the work with their prayers; and indeed, except to prayer, there seems no refuge to which we can at present turn, in order to deliver the *millions* of the poor of England, Catholic and Protestant, from their troubles, their ignorance, and their vices.

PIUS THE NINTH IN 1848.

BY THE DUKE DE VALMY.

We have translated the following valuable paper from the *Correspondant*, as furnishing an interesting exemplification of the feelings with which the course of the present Pontiff is regarded by the great religious portion of the French nation.

For a long time Rome had ceased to play an important part in the world; her name, formerly so imposing, was only pronounced with indifference; she remained as the sanctuary of departed power, and it seemed as if the Eternal City was henceforth to be great only in her ruins. To-day all eyes are fixed upon Rome; the words which are uttered in the Quirinal find an echo in all the press, and the ears of nations could not be more attentive if the old republic had started from her tomb, and armed her legions to reconquer Germany and Gaul.

Rome, indeed, presents to our eyes a spectacle well worthy of attention. She prepares now for a conquest more glorious for humanity, more useful for future civilisation, than those of old. She gives the baptism of faith to liberty, and leading it back to its cradle, she unites its destiny with the imperishable destiny of the universal Church; a providential alliance, which henceforth can save liberty from its errors, and give to the human race a solution of the greatest problem of modern civilisation, the much-desired union of liberty and order.

But we hear it whispered that this union is late, and that the Papacy has adopted liberty in Italy only after it has made the tour of the world.

Let us not blame the Papacy for not following our example; let us not forget that if the name of liberty has been written in almost all the constitutions of our ages, we have too often nothing left of its promises but the blood shed in attempting to realise them; and that if a few privileges have escaped these disasters, they rest upon ground which threatens every moment to swallow them up. Let us not forget that the Reformation of the 16th century proscribed the Mother of all Churches in the name of liberty of conscience; that the French Revolution exterminated those who did not follow liberty in all its saturnalia; and that the history of the last centuries has shewn us only the triumph of sects and parties, that the law of the strongest has been revived in all its brutality under the new names which have adorned it.

No alliance was possible between the Papacy and this savage liberty. The Church which had introduced into the world the principle of the independence, dignity, and equality of mankind, could not acknowledge as its work a delirium which violated the most sacred rights to make them the instruments of human passions. But it would be unjust to accuse the Church of having opposed real liberty, or of having retarded its benefits in the name of Catholic doctrine. The events of which the Holy City has been the theatre for the last eighteen months ought to destroy the most deeply rooted prejudices on this subject.

We do not find that it was necessary to abandon any principle of the Church, or to work any miracle, in order to make liberty turn on the altar of Catholicity. One man has been enough to accomplish this work, and to shew more clearly the part which the Church takes in all that has been done: this man is not only an enlightened and generous Prince, but the Pontiff of the whole Church, and the most sincere, most pure, most lofty and ample model of a Catholic Priest. We have enjoyed the favour of seeing and hearing Pope Pius IX. on many occasions, and we always thought that we saw and heard one of the venerable pastors of the primitive Church, one of those bishops whose sacerdotal virtues have left the deepest traces on the memories of men. We venture to say that the only thought of ambition which has penetrated the bosom of this Pontiff, is that of shewing himself the worthy successor of St. Peter, the true servant of the servants of God.

Since our return to France we have met with few really well informed on Italian affairs: people have not been able to judge of them impartially; some adopted delusive hopes, and others have given way to ill-founded fears. A witness of the greater part of the acts which have distinguished the new Pontificate, informed as to the minutest details of the life of the Holy Father, we feel desirous of imparting to our brethren and fellow-citizens the impressions which we have received, and happy shall we be if we are able to correct any opinions or destroy any prejudices.

We had just gone over the States of the Holy See when there appeared in Rome the amnesty which gave liberty to prisoners and political offenders. This great measure has not obtained, it must be allowed, universal approbation: if all the Pope's subjects have been moved by its clemency, they have not all been convinced of its political prudence. It would be, however, a mistake to believe that the number of the latter is as considerable as has been stated. We can affirm that the amnesty was approved of by Cardinals who were supposed to be hostile to the measure. Cardinal Bernetti among others, if he will permit us now to make this revelation of a fact which belongs to history, Cardinal Bernetti confided to us some days before the publication of the amnesty, that he approved of it unreservedly, and that he had given his written opinion to the Pope. As to ourselves, we have not hesitated to praise the policy of that great measure. The readers of the *Correspondant* will perhaps recollect, that we congratulated the Holy Father on having made an appeal to the honourable feelings of his people, on having relied on the noble instincts of a great nation, and given them reason to rely on him.

Were the nation and the Prince deceived when they gave these mutual hopes? We do not think so. No doubt the political crisis has shewn various phases in its development: it has by turns excited jealousy and joy; it has had the inevitable lot of all crises, revolutionary symptoms have been manifested; those who did not participate in all the new opinions have been accused of conspiring against the government, popular tumults have been dexterously excited by the secret enemies of order, and they have laboured to produce anarchy under the form of enthusiasm. In consequence of these irregular proceedings, men of intelligence, but too ready to take the alarm, pronounced the name of Louis XVI., and predicted for Italy the fate of revolutionary France. They did not attend to the difference of time and men. They forgot that Pius IX. is armed with double authority, that he has inspired equal confidence as spiritual prince and as temporal sovereign, and that a people of true faith respect in him this double character.

On the other hand, we are told of a retrograde party, of the obstacles which it opposes to reform, and of its efforts to stifle the generous thoughts of the Pope. We have sought in vain for a retrograde party such as this; we have only found some subaltern *employés* regretting the abuses by which they profited, and some isolated individuals not having full confidence in the success of the reforms undertaken; but it seemed to us that there was nothing very criminal, nothing which could impede the march of government. It is even natural that some minds should not share in the general opinion; in crises we must expect these differences, and not exaggerate them by undue alarm.

Two solemn occasions have presented themselves requiring the settlement of questions which justly occupied a large share of the public attention; the question of national independence, and that of the extent to which the Pope intended to carry his internal reforms. The new government could not but have to undergo most decisive trials; and it met them frankly. The first was produced by the inopportune arrival of a reinforcement to the Austrian garrison in the town of Ferrara. Falling like a thunderbolt on a volcanic soil, this measure had revived in all their force the feelings of independence which were rooted in the recollections of the Guelfs and Ghibellines; feelings so respectable, though carried to excess, that they might produce serious embarrassments to the Holy See. Nevertheless, thanks to the firmness of Cardinal Ciacchi, the occupation of Ferrara became beneficial to the Sovereign Pontiff. Austria has already accepted a treaty, by virtue of which the foreign occupation will be restricted to the citadel, to the old barracks, and to the palace of the governor: it is true that the execution of this treaty has been suspended, but it cannot be long delayed; the King's speech will announce it in a few days; Austria has consented to give this satisfaction to M. Guizot. Whatever may be the issue of this dispute, the protest of the Pope will remain as a striking testimony of his lively sympathy with one of those opinions which are most deeply engraven on the hearts of the nations of the Peninsula.

But the Italians are not only jealous of their independence, they aspire with equal ardour to a political union of all the

states of Italy; an aspiration very national no doubt, but at the same time so chimerical that it cannot be seriously entertained. It would not be enough, indeed, to induce all the princes to lay down their crowns on the same day, and at the same hour, at the foot of one among them; to this first miracle another, still more astonishing, must be added. The old Tuscan, Roman, Piedmontese, Neapolitan, and Sicilian races must agree in extinguishing their ancient rivalry, to form themselves into one people. Now these two prodigies are evidently beyond all human power. We already have a proof of this in the conflict which the reunion of the duchy of Lucca with Tuscany has produced at this moment. There is only one union which can be realised with time, and which can guarantee the independence of Italy, provided always that the mistake committed in Switzerland be not repeated, viz. the union of an Italian confederation. Now, Pius IX. has prepared the way for this confederation by proposing to the sovereigns of the Peninsula a commercial association, as a basis for the development of industry, and the source—such are the expressions of the negotiators—of the dignity and prosperity of Italy. Already has a preliminary convention been signed between the Holy See and Tuscany and Sardinia; and we know from good authority that the kingdom of Naples is ready to join it.

The independence and unity of Italy had thus been prudently and legitimately provided for by Pius IX. when the meeting of the Consulta gave the Pontiff a solemn opportunity of fixing the extent of the reforms which he had resolved to grant. The explanation of the government with respect to the new power which had just been established was awaited with impatience. This explanation has been simple and precise. Pius IX. has stated fully, frankly, and decidedly, the extent of the power of the Consulta; he has preserved from any attempt the fundamental principle of the authority which he has received from the Sacred College, and which he means to transmit unimpaired to his successors. In reading his honest declaration on this subject, we are reminded of the language, not less sincere, which he addressed to the prisoners of the Castle of St. Angelo when setting them at liberty: "You have asked for many things," he said; "some of them I will grant; but others I never will." On its part, the Consulta has spontaneously acknowledged the inviolability of the pontifical power; it has seen, in the exercise of the elective right of the Sacred College, an efficacious check on the principle of liberty. The career of reforms appeared to it to be sufficiently extensive and prolific for the development of the public interests, and that of revolution is closed by this happy accord of the sovereign and his advisers.

With Silvani* the advocate, who is now justly lamented by Rome, we have had some conversations, which inspired us with great confidence in the wisdom and intentions of this eminent man. We do not doubt that his opinions are shared by the other members of the Consulta, and that they are, as their reply has proved, in perfect harmony with the views of the Pope as to the nature and extent of their mission. Nevertheless, it remains to be proved whether this harmony between the government and the most enlightened men can secure that course of quiet reform which has commenced, and whether the Roman States will escape the misfortunes and revolutions which others have undergone.

We do not pretend to predict the future; but the interest which belongs to the affairs of Rome is so great, that we feel called upon to state what our residence there has made us think of the hopes and fears which prevail.

First of all, let us dispel the disquietude caused by the organisation of the national guard. Let us tell those who have been alarmed by that measure, that they ought not to be led away by the unhappy recollections of our first revolution, that the Italy of 1848 is not to be compared with the France of 1793, and that the passions are not so easily let loose in a country where religion imposes on them a salutary check.† Let us not forget that the organisation of a national guard was a measure required for the strength and security of the government itself.

We must not suppose that the head of the Roman States has, like the head of the French government, regular and powerful means of making the law respected: authority at Rome has always had a mild and paternal character, which dispensed with such means; hence its passive attitude during the first agitations. It was unarmed, because it had no need of arms; but now, moral force no longer sufficing to repress the disorders inseparable from popular movements, all governments require the support of physical force. This force has been given to the pontifical government very appropriately by the national guard; and we have no reason to fear it, when we consider the guarantees which its organisation affords, and when we see that the government has the disposal of it, and exercises a proper influence over those who command it. For our own part, when we consider the position of the Princes Borghese, Doria, and Aldobrandini in Rome, and the Malvezzi-Ranucci at Bologna, we cannot help having confidence in an institution which these powerful and respected families support with their persons and fortune; and we ask, what motive there is for alarm, when we see the clergy, and Cardinal Baluffi at their head, contribute voluntarily to the equipment of the national guard?

A more important question, the solution of which must be subject of serious concern, is that of the secularisation of the political functions, which up to this time have been confided to the clergy. But even this question loses a part of its importance when we consider the real state of things, that is to say, the small share now reserved to the clergy in the public administration. First, all the situations of a secular kind are abandoned to the laity; if the ministers and general governors are Cardinals, they are not always members of the clerical body. They must wear the dress, follow the customs, and adopt the external character, but in reality they are not bound by any indissoluble tie to the ecclesiastical state, and they can recover their freedom when they think proper. They are only the highest offices of state—the provincial governments, for example—which are exclusively confided to members of the Sacred College. To secularise these great magistracies would be to destroy the essence of the Pontifical government, and we have seen but few persons who carry their ideas of innovation so far. As to the desire of modifying the present constitution of the *prelatura*,* the government itself seems to partake of them. In the present state of things, the situations reserved for the *prelatura* belong in principle to the clergy, but in reality they are almost all secularised; hence the misapprehension which has had the effect of throwing on the clergy the responsibility of the faults of the *prelatura*, and sanctioned the opinion that they are not fit for the exercise of political functions, an opinion as unjust as it is injurious in a state where the supreme power is ecclesiastical. This evil, then, may be remedied either by making facts accord with theory, that is, by giving to the clergy the functions attributed to the *prelatura*, or by recovering to them those functions which more properly belong to them, and secularising the others. We have reason to believe that the Sovereign Pontiff is seriously occupied with this question, for he has already sanctioned an ecclesiastical academy—a sort of normal school for the *prelatura*—to reconstruct it on a new basis; let us hope that it will be in conformity with the interests of both Church and State. Whichever may be the determination of the Holy Father, it will be better than the present system.

To this reform of the *prelatura* is attached a question which equally occupies the attention of the Roman subjects; namely, whether foreigners shall continue to exercise civil and political functions within the Roman States. To require an immediate realisation of this reform in the government is impossible; but to desire the gradual restitution of public situations to Romans, is a wish which the Pontifical government is interested in accomplishing, for in the Papal States foreigners are not obliged to become naturalised in order to exercise public functions; they preserve the rights and obligations which attach them to foreign powers, and can easily compromise the government, either by neglecting its interests or by sacrificing them to the interests of their own country. The retirement of foreigners would leave some vacancies in the high administration of the Roman State, but it would be easy to fill them by summoning the subjects of the Pope who now, finding their proper place occupied, devote themselves to spiritual missions. As to the vacancies which they would leave in the government of the Catholic Church, they would afford a larger share in that government to foreigners, and their admission would be as useful as it would be conformable to the spirit of Catholicity. The Church is universal, her mission is to watch over the truth in the whole world; it is necessary for her to understand the wants of all nations, their manners and their character, the passions she has to contend with, the virtues she has to encourage. In order to fulfil these holy and sacred duties, she cannot call too many of the faithful to her aid; it is for her interest that her supreme council should contain some of the most distinguished men of Catholic nations, and we should not be astonished to find some day that the Balmés, the Wisemans, and the Parisis, were summoned by the Holy Father, to bring to the Sacred College the tribute of their zeal and

* Silvani related to us that in 1831, during the insurrection of which he was one of the chiefs, the insurgents had correspondence with La Fayette in Paris, and M. de Latour-Mauberg in Rome, to ask whether they would be supported. M. Latour-Mauberg had promised the support of his government, in a letter unsigned but written on the back of that which he had received from the insurgents. When the provisional government at Bologna was dispersed by the Austrian intervention, Silvani was one of those who embarked with the papers of the insurrection. Being urgently pursued by an Austrian vessel, they were afraid of being taken, and threw the valuable correspondence into the Adriatic.

† "Do not talk of the Italians," said a revolutionary Frenchman; "when you think you have secured them, they go to confession and escape you."

* We retain the Italian designation, as the nearest English word, *prelacy*, would convey to many readers an incorrect idea.

learning. This would be to give to that College, already so venerable for the piety and the virtues of its members, an element of new authority, it would be to establish a sort of permanent council, it would in fine give a victorious answer to those who labour to break Catholic unity by accusing the spiritual power of Rome of being foreign and ultramontane.

Thus explained, the question of secularisation is seen to be nothing more than a reform as useful to the Roman States as to the whole Church, and as favourable to the wishes of all Italy as to those of the Catholic world. It is not, then, the question now pending which can threaten the tranquillity of the Roman States, and interrupt the course of reform; it is not from thence that the danger will come; it is from without; it is the wind which blows from France and England which can bring storms to Italy, it is from thence that the lessons of demagogues and the inspirations of disorder are brought. We see this in the agitation of the towns of Italy which are in the most direct communication with our insurrectionary fires; and we are far from denying the dangers of disorder fomented by foreign influences. Yet, it may be said, that all is not lost, if the Italian princes do not wait till their thrones are undermined and the spirit of revolution becomes naturalised there, before they satisfy the just wishes of their people, and boldly combat the anti-social principles which, under the delusive forms of liberty, lead nations to ruin.

After having paid some attention to the fears which we have heard expressed, let us be permitted to speak of the motives for hope and confidence which we can offer to those who desire to see the Papacy come triumphantly out of the struggle in which it is now engaged to reconcile order and liberty. We have said above that the Pope has lost in the Advocate Silvani an eminent man, devoted to the cause of intelligent and moderate progress; but that cause still possesses warm and noble defenders. We will mention, among others, Professor Orioli, one of the most distinguished minds of Italy, a man who unites with the advantages of experience those of real oratorical and literary talent. By his side we will place the Marquis d'Azeglio, a Piedmontese by birth, but a Roman by heart and adoption. We have seen the Roman youth surround these eminent men, and lavish on them proofs of respect and esteem; unless we despair of the sagacity of the Italians, and of the superior character of their minds, we cannot allow ourselves to fear that they will suffer themselves to be seduced by obscure tribunes of the people. We do not see, indeed, that the revolutionary party can oppose, to these distinguished men, any names of value, unless they reckon among themselves some members of the priesthood, who have engaged, perhaps with too much ardour, in the arena of political strife. However, let us not mistake passing errors for acts of rebellion; let us not believe that the Church is about to sustain in Italy the great defections which she has had to lament in France. Above all, let us not fear that any individuals may be able to raise themselves above the Sovereign Pontiff, and take from him the confidence which he has so justly acquired.

It would be absurd to compare the moral value of any man of the day with that of Pius IX.; for it may be affirmed without any fear of being accused of flattery, that history does not afford a more striking instance of public and private virtue. If there ever was a man who desired the happiness of his fellow-men, who was resolved to devote his life thereto, and who was in a condition to carry out his views with powerful effect, that man is certainly Pius IX. His zeal is so admirable, his devotedness so disinterested, his self-denial so complete, that to impede his progress would be a crime against humanity; to limit his power would be to limit the power of doing good, of propagating faith and virtue upon earth. It is necessary to have lived in Rome for some time to appreciate worthily this model of a priest and a citizen; it is necessary to have observed the emotions of his heart as well as the inspiration of his mind to understand his continual occupations and solicitudes. We will not repeat here what we have every day heard, but it will be proper to mention some of those words and secret deeds which relate to the conduct and language of the sovereign. It will be recollected that from his accession to the throne he has called the attention of the clergy and the communes to the education of the people; but he was not satisfied with giving orders, he wished also to give example; he presented himself, without notice, in the schools, under the name of the Canon Mastai; he interrogated the scholars and masters, and retired after having given useful instructions. The dangers of nepotism have often been felt in Rome: under the present Pope no such danger could exist. Pius IX. was not satisfied with keeping his family away, he sent away even his *protégés*. His brother had sent him a young abbé with a letter of recommendation; the applicant would have been contented with an humble situation; the Pope put him off till the next week, and when he came, gave him a letter to be carried to his brother; the answer was this: 'I cannot give any place to your *protégé*; but as he appears to you to be worthy of favour, give him a pension of ten crowns a month, on the revenues of the house of Mastai.' Scarcely a day passes in which Pius IX. has not occasion to shew his indefatigable zeal, exquisite tact, and unbounded devotion in the fulfilment of his sovereign functions. His charity is that of the most perfect Christian; all that he possesses seems to belong to the unfortunate. He cannot always know the real situation of those who implore his generosity; but he has often left the Quirinal in the dress of a simple priest, like another St. Vincent de Paul, in order himself to know and to console all kinds of miseries, and, above all, those of the young, to whom he is particularly attached, and in whom he seems to rest his hopes for the future.

To suppose that all the popularity of Pius IX. rests on the political acts of his reign is to deprive it of its surest foundation. Of the past and present confidence of his subjects, a large portion is owing to the words and deeds of his private life. The ovations which the multitude decree him are passing; but the applause which will endure, which will be more lasting than the caprices of the political world, consists of the popularity acquired by daily labours, by Christian virtues, by the words of benevolence and love which flow from his mouth with an eloquence so ready and abundant, that they seem to be inexhaustible. This is a power which no prince ever possessed in the same degree, and which only he created by the happy union of a great prince and perfect Christian in the same person. This is the invulnerable power which a merciful Providence seems to have formed to preserve us from the dangers by which we are threatened. This is what makes us look on the future with a feeling of confidence, gives us hopes for the regeneration of Italy, and shews us, through the clouds that darken the present, a shining beacon to guide the bark of St. Peter into port, and light up on the hills of Rome the standard of the Cross in union with the banner of true liberty.

Miscellanies.

TITLES OF THE POPE.

After the discussion in the House of Lords on the title to be given to the Pope, our readers will be interested in seeing a Catalogue, drawn up by St. Francis of Sales, of the names by which His Holiness has been distinguished by Councils and Fathers of the Church.

Most holy Bishop of the Catholic Church	Council of Soissons, of 300 Bishops.
Most holy and blessed Patriarch	Ditto.
Most blessed Lord	St. Augustin.
Universal Patriarch	St. Leo.
Chief of the Church in the World	Pope Innocent.
The Bishop elevated to the Apostolic eminence	St. Cyprian.
Father of Fathers	Council of Chalcedon, sess. 3.
Sovereign Pontiff of Bishops	Ditto.
Sovereign Priest	Ditto, sess. 16.
Prince of Priests	Stephen, Bishop of Carthage.
Prefect of the House of God, and Guardian of the Lord's Vineyard	Council of Carthage, ep. to Damasus.
Vicar of Jesus Christ, Confirmer of the Faith of Christians	St. Jerome.
Great Priest	Valentinian, and many others.
Sovereign Pontiff	Council of Chalcedon.
Prince of Bishops	Ditto.
Heir of the Apostles	St. Bernard.
Abraham, by his Patriarchate	St. Ambrose.
Melchisedec, by his Order	Council of Chalcedon.
Moses, by his Authority	St. Bernard.
Samuel, by his Jurisdiction	Ditto.
Peter, by his Power	Ditto.
Christ, by his Anointing	Ditto.
Pastor of the Flock of Jesus Christ	Ditto.
Key-bearer of the House of God	Ditto.
Pastor of all Pastors	Ditto.
Pontiff called to the plenitude of Power	Ditto.
St. Peter was the Mouth of Jesus Christ	St. Chrysostom.
Mouth of the Chief of the Apostolate	Origen.
Chair and principal Church	St. Cyprian.
Origin of sacerdotal Unity	Ditto.
Bond of Unity	Ditto.
Church in which resides the chief Power	Ditto.

The Church, the Root, the Mother of all others	St. Anacletus.
The See on which our Lord built the Universal Church	St. Damasus.
The Cardinal Point and Chief of all the Churches	St. Marcellian.
Refuge of Bishops	Council of Alexandria.
Supreme Apostolic See	St. Athanasius.
Presiding Church	The Emperor Justin.
Supreme See, which can be judged by no other	St. Leo.
The Church, placed at the Head of, and preferred over all others	Victor of Utica.
The first of all Sees	St. Prosper.
Apostolic Fountain	St. Ignatius.
The most sure Fortress of all the Catholic Communion	Council of Rome.

MILESIAN CIVILISATION.

[For the RAMBLER.]

MR. EDITOR,—Are we generally aware that there is—and that there is room for—a different sense of Civilisation with well-informed men, and that it is more striking, if taken from the testimonies of different ages? And further, are we prepared to question the prevalent sense of men of our own age, and reconciled to the making an inquiry of long-past ages, though they are, by the fashionable verdict of our own, the dark?

A passage I have lately read with pleasure, concerning an early Christian nation, and published first about fifty years ago, has not lost its truth or force by lapse of time; and, with your good leave, may introduce the matter of different senses of this great subject, and give us a just comparative estimate of the old and the new. G.

"Leaving these hostile pretensions to accommodate their contradictory claims as well as they are able, I shall proceed to adduce further evidence of the learning and arts that flourished in Ireland until the coming of the English. It will, I trust, appear fully in the course of this evidence, that the Milesians possessed all the essentials of civilisation, and in a higher degree, than the Irish, or even English, of the present day; if civilisation consist chiefly in the knowledge and practice of social virtues, that endear men to each other, and render society a common bank of joint stock, provided as a remedy against the weakness and insufficiency of individual resources for obtaining happiness; against the casualties of fortune, the inevitable portion of disease and distress incidental to mortals here below; added to the politer arts, that liberalise the mind, by charming the senses, and awakening each kindly or refined sentiment, soothing care, and diffusing innocent mirth and festivity through the leisure interval of busy man: then the Irish were civilised; and this will be readily allowed by all those who have any correct notion of politeness or civilisation; who do not with the unreflecting vulgar confound it with wealth, grandeur of palaces, costly furniture or meals; in a word, with the whole apparatus of luxury. Neither the true Christian nor sage would ever confound them, well knowing that the highest degree of luxury is compatible with baseness, perfidy, cruelty, and lust; in a word, with the most barbarous and guilty manners; while a dignified simplicity of manners is often the concomitant of the most heroic soul, and most exalted virtue and polished manners.

"'Men will always differ in their ideas of civilisation, each measuring it by the habits and prejudices of his own country; but if courtesy and urbanity, a love of poetry and eloquence, and the practice of exalted virtues, be a juster measure of perfect society, we have certain proof that the people of Arabia, both on plains and in cities, in republican and monarchical states, were eminently civilised.'*"

TREATY BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND MODENA.

A VIENNA journal of the 17th gives the following as a copy of the treaty concluded on the 24th December 1847, between the Emperor of Austria and the Duke of Modena. It is called "a Treaty for the Maintenance of Peace:"—"Art. 1. In every case in which the Italian States of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria and of his Highness the Duke of Modena may be exposed to an attack from the exterior, the contracting parties engage to lend each other help and assistance by all the means in their power from the moment at which one of the parties shall have invoked the support of the other. 2. As in consequence of that the states of his Royal Highness the Duke of Modena enter in the line of defence of the Italian provinces of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, his Royal Highness the Duke of Modena concedes to his Majesty the Emperor the right of causing Austrian troops to enter the duchy of Modena, and to occupy the fortified places therein, as often as the interest of the common defence or military precaution may exact. 3. If in the interior of the states of his Royal Highness the Duke of Modena events should arise causing disturbances to be apprehended, or if the disturbances should take the character of an open revolt that the Government cannot subdue, the Emperor of Austria obliges himself, as soon as he shall be required, to send as many troops as shall be necessary for the re-establishment of tranquillity and legal order. 4. His Royal Highness the Duke of Modena promises not to enter into any military treaty with any other power without the consent of his Imperial Majesty. 5. An ulterior convention shall arrange all that concerns the cost of maintaining the troops of one of the parties as soon as they shall act in the territories of the other party."

* Sir William Jones's Fourth Discourse on the Arabs, published in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society.

TRANSMISSION OF PASSENGERS FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND.—The most prompt and active steps have been taken by the directors of the several steam-packet companies on the south coast, including the South-Eastern Railway Company, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, and the company of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to secure the rapid and regular transmission of passengers quitting France for England; and there is no doubt that the most ample means have been provided for this purpose. In addition to the Admiralty packets at Dover and Southampton, the noble fleet of steamers at Folkestone belonging to the South-Eastern Railway Company are in full work. The London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railway Company have, with the most praiseworthy zeal, and by exertions continued day and night, equipped their fine new steamers, the Newhaven, Brighton, and Dieppe, in an incredibly short space of time; and these vessels are now engaged carrying passengers between Havre and Portsmouth, the Admiral at Portsmouth having orders from the Admiralty to render every assistance to vessels arriving there with passengers from France. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam-Navigation Company have most generously added their noble vessels, the Iberia, Monarch, Achilles, Madrid, and Hindostan (now at Southampton) to this service; and they also are engaged in carrying passengers between Havre and Southampton.

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